

# THE VENERABILE

CONDUCTED BY THE PAST  
AND PRESENT STUDENTS  
OF THE VENERABLE  
ENGLISH COLLEGE  
ROME

November 1954

Vol. XVII. No. 1

PRINTED AT  
CATHOLIC RECORDS PRESS  
EXETER



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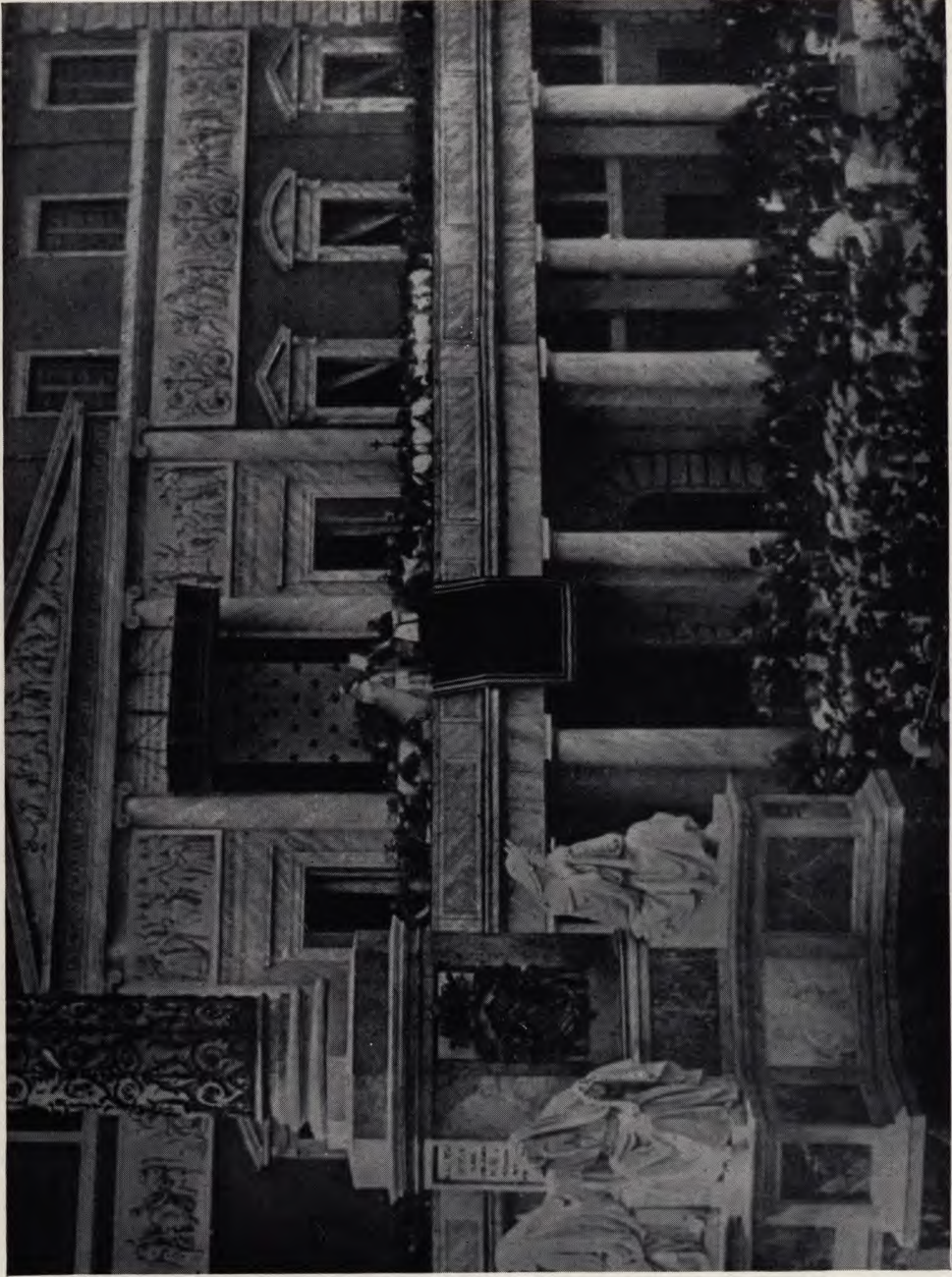
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A MARIAN CENTENARY



An original photograph of Pope Pius IX blessing the monument in the Piazza di Spagna which commemorates the Definition of the Immaculate Conception, December 8th, 1854. The Loggia in front of the Spanish Embassy was erected for the purpose.



## EDITORIAL

Every year has its special celebrations and commemorations, its anniversaries, centenaries and historic moments. And this year which we are now leaving is no exception: it is indeed richer than most. Here in Rome we remember how we kept the centenary of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception: the great public functions, the Pope's visit to the Basilica of St Mary Major, our own College visits to the Marian shrines for morning Mass. A future reader must not think THE VENERABLE made no contribution to the Marian Year, so there is an account of St Philip's pilgrimage to Our Lady's shrines in Rome.

One of the greatest glories of the year has been the canonization of Pius X, a fitting reward for the devotion of so many millions of pilgrims at the tomb of the Apostle and the throne of his successor. We are pleased to be able to include in this number a contemporary account of the Papal coronation of the saint, taken from the diary kept by the Bishop of Portsmouth when a student at the College. Our congratulations, which go to His Grace Archbishop Grimshaw on his elevation to the See of Birmingham, go also to His Grace the Bishop of Portsmouth on his appointment as Archbishop *ad personam*. While on the subject of former students it would be fitting to salute Provost Peacock on beginning the seventieth year since he entered the College, and on completing the ninetieth year of his life.

Our own existence as a magazine, though not yet far beyond its youth, has seen quite a number of changes, so it might be interesting to reflect a little within our own pages and snatch a glimpse at thirty years ago. The first instalment appears in this number, at the end of *Nova et Vetera*.



This incursion into historical occasions would not be complete without a reminder about another very important centenary that occurs on St Andrew's Day this year, though this one is tinged with sadness and will not yet call for its due measure of jubilation. It is the fourth centenary of England's last great reconciliation with Catholic Christendom. When we find ourselves suddenly in the midst of nineteen hundred and fifty-nine we shall realize just how short this joyful moment lasted. To record this is not to indulge in useless nostalgia, but to remind ourselves of the purpose for which the College was founded, and to reassure ourselves that a similar occasion need not seem so far off as it has done in the past.

The historical article, 'The Inglorious Revolution', reaches its second instalment, and there will be two others to complete it. Like the previous series entitled 'Decline and Fall' it tells rather a dismal story. But unlike 'Decline and Fall' it gives the background to heroic deeds as well as a revealing study of the English character in a time of great trouble. We are lucky that so much evidence survives to make the account a vivid one. Of necessity we now tend to dwell on the less glorious aspects of College history. The pioneers naturally turned their efforts principally to the story of the Martyrs and then to the great names of the nineteenth century. We of this generation are left to fill in the gaps. This is not to say that nothing remains to be written about our brighter periods, but that it is natural for us to write the rest of the story for the first time before building upon the work of our predecessors.



## THE CORONATION OF SAINT PIUS X

*An Extract from the Diary of  
His Grace Archbishop King, 1903*

*August 4 : Habemus Pontificem.* The Cardinals in Conclave after seven ballots have elected as Pope Cardinal Sarto, Patriarch of Venice, who has assumed the title of Pius X. *Vivat!* Dr Cronin took the new man Smyth to Rome to be 'tried on' with his new togs. As we heard afterwards, they went to St Peter's at 11 o'clock to see the *sfumata* (burning of the ballot papers) but no smoke arose from the pipe at the top of the Sistine. Soon the rumour ran round the crowd that a Pope had been elected. Dr Cronin and Smyth moved up towards the steps of St Peter's and took up a post there. Very shortly the windows of the central Loggia of St Peter's were opened and a fine carpet hung out. At ten minutes to twelve Cardinal Macchi appeared to make the formal announcement: '*Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum. Habemus Pontificem, Cardinalem Sarto*'. Whereupon there was great cheering and excitement which was repeated when the Cardinal announced that the new Pope had taken the name of Pius X. Then the Cardinals retired and a rush was made for St Peter's. The soldiers and the crowd came into collision a great deal, but most of the people succeeded in gaining an entrance. All the gates and doors have been kept open all through the Conclave in preparation for this rush. At 12.20 the Pope appeared at the Loggia in the interior of the Church and gave his first Papal Blessing to the fortunate crowd in the Basilica. They say he is a very handsome man, is energetic, and has a fine rich voice. Dr Cronin telephoned to us, and we got the news at 1.15. They knew in the village at 12.30. Besides



the news, Dr Cronin told us to get the House illuminated, and we at once set about it ; but first of all we sent off a telegram to the Vatican *per Merry del Val* : 'The students of the English College at Monte Porzio offer their filial homage to the new Pope'. For the rest of the afternoon till 8.30 we were hard at work. Hazlehurst and Meagher made a design to go over the door : 'Pio X'. Burke and I crammed all the windows with lamps and lanterns. The Chapel was also decorated. Dr Cronin came back about seven o'clock in the best of spirits. We hadn't supper till 8.30. At the shrine they had a service of a 'Double of the 1st Class'. Practically the whole village was present, and the street was packed along its whole length. The band sent round to ask us to engage them. Dr Cronin replied that 'We, the English College, were not going to pay them to show themselves loyal Catholics'. That seems to have roused them, for they came round after supper and played three tunes. After supper we had '*O Roma felix*' and other appropriate tunes.

*August 5* : Some valiant anti-clerical took advantage of the night to stick up a paper on Brandola's house opposite, with the mottoes '*viva il re, Viva Giordano Bruno*'. The same fellow, or one of his pals, sent the '*Messagero*' an account of a grand counter-demonstration of the Liberals of Monte Porzio to that of the clericals organized by the English College ! This morning was spent in cleaning up last night's mess. After Rosary we had one of Dr Cronin's teas in the garden. Hazlehurst, Meagher and I presided over the tea-making. The eatables consisted of sandwiches and fruit. Just as we were going out for our evening stroll, a reply came from the Vatican with the Pope's Blessing. We are going to have the telegram framed.

*August 9 : Sunday*. Coronation of Pope Pius X. We got up terribly early at 4.0 and left Porzio in buses at 5.30. It was a beautiful morning for a drive, but down in the Campagna there was a dense bank of mist. Some way below Frascati we got into the fog, and saw no more of the day till we reached St Peter's. On the way we passed a couple of gendarmes with their heads encased in mosquito-proof nets. The Lateran quarter of the City was hardly awake, but when we reached the Piazza Venezia we were in the midst of a stream of carriages, all drifting towards St Peter's. We arrived in the Piazza at 8.10, and found the doors of the Basilica already closed. So there was nothing left to do but watch the grandees go past. Cardinals, ambassadors, and Roman princes drove by in shoals. Several



of the Cardinals were utter strangers, but others were very familiar. Logue, Cavagnis, Vives y Tuto and Agliardi we knew very well. Soon the line of carriages came to an end, and then we had a dismal wait in the broiling sun for one whole hour. At 9.30 the crowd began to get angry at being kept back so long, and people commenced to shout and yell at the officials. It had its effect, and ten minutes afterwards the lines of soldiers opened a bit, and the crowd pushed through. It soon developed into a scrimmage, and several soldiers were hurt. I reached St Peter's with a whole skin and with my clothes intact. I entered and worked my way up the nave till I was almost opposite the Chapel of St Gregory. For twenty minutes or so the crushing at this point was terrible, but bit by bit people quieted down, and things became more comfortable. When we got into the Basilica the Pope and his suite were in the side-Chapel of St Gregory, vesting for Mass, whilst Terce was being sung. Then when all was ready, the procession set out for the High Altar. I could only see the mitres of the Bishops and Cardinals, but I saw the Pope very well. He was being carried on the *sedia gestatoria* under a canopy. He wore a cloth of gold mitre and was ready vested for Mass. He looked very pale and unhappy. At the centre of the nave and twice again some tow was burnt in a metal brazier whilst a minister chanted '*Pater sancte, sic transit gloria mundi*'. When he had reached the High Altar, he commenced the prayers for Mass. The Sistine Choir, conducted by Perosi, sang the Mass '*Sine Nomine*' of Palestrina with the *Credo* from the Mass of Pope Marcellus by the same and a Communion piece '*Oremus pro Pontifice*' by Perosi himself. I was near Dr Cronin and he lent me a book describing the various ceremonies of the Mass. So I was able to follow well. There were many strange ceremonies observed, and I cannot say for certain which were peculiar to a Coronation Mass and which common to all Papal Masses. Some were evident, but others were by no means so clear. To begin with, seven acolytes preceded the Pope to the Altar, and the High Altar had seven candlesticks thereon. After the usual prayers at the foot of the Altar the Pope retired to his throne in the apse, where he received the homage of all the prelates. The Cardinals kissed his toe and knee, and were embraced on each cheek by the Pope; Archbishops and Bishops kissed the toe and knee, and mitred Abbots had to be content with the toe. After this function came the Introit, *Kyrie*, and *Gloria*. Then the Pope sang the



Collect, after which the head Cardinal Deacon, Cardinal Macchi, went in procession to the Sepulchre of St Peter, where he intoned the Litanies of the Coronation : '*Exaudi Christe*' (*ter*) ; Response : '*Domino nostro Pio . . . vita*', then '*Sancta Maria*' (etc.) '*Te illum adjuva*'. A queer point about the Litany is that St Saba is included in the very select number of Saints who are there invoked. After the Litanies the Epistle and Gospel were each sung in Latin and in Greek. Then the Pope intoned the Credo. After the '*Incarnatus*' two Cardinals spread a rich cloth on the High Altar, and then the elements for the Holy Sacrifice were brought forward. There were three hosts and a good quantity of wine. The Sacristan had to eat two of the hosts and taste the wine, to prove that neither was poisoned.

From this point the Mass went forward without any peculiar ceremony till the Communion was reached. After the *Agnus Dei* the Pope returned to his throne, where he proceeded with the prayers. Then the Ministers brought the Sacred Elements from the Altar for the Pope to communicate himself. After consuming half the Host, he communicated the Deacon and Subdeacon. Then he partook of the Precious Blood through a golden tube. The Deacon then communicated himself and the Subdeacon drank the Purifications. At the end of the Mass, Cardinal Rampolla, as Archpriest of the Basilica, presented the Pope with 25 *giulii* as his fee for the Mass. Immediately after the Mass the Pope was crowned. It was a very brief ceremony. Cardinal Oreglia recited some prayers and the Tiara was placed on the Pope's head by Cardinal Macchi. When the people saw the Tiara on the head of the Pope they burst out in a roar of applause. When it had subsided, His Holiness rose and gave us his Benediction. Then, amidst renewed and sustained cheering he was carried weeping from the church. It was one o'clock as we left the Basilica. My clothes were soaked through with perspiration, and there was no change to be had till we got back to Porzio. We had dinner at the Passetto ; and immediately after set out on our return journey, reaching Porzio shortly before eight.



## THE INGLORIOUS REVOLUTION 1594—1597

### II.—OPEN WAR (October 1595 to March 1596)<sup>1</sup>

If anybody thought that the concessions made to the rebellious students in August 1595 would end the troubles in the Venerable, he was destined to be painfully disappointed. The scholars had succeeded in having the Jesuit staff reduced, and the detested Vice-Rector removed; but it now became obvious that they would not be satisfied unless the Jesuits were removed from control of the College altogether. After all, the treatment which they had received had not convinced them that rebellion did not pay. They had quarrelled with their companions, bullied their Rector, insulted the Protector, and assailed the Pope himself with unparalleled importunity; and instead of being punished, their leaders had been promoted to the staff of the College. By violence and indiscipline they had attained part of their object; was it likely that they would strive to complete their plans by obedience and meekness? During the very Retreat which the Pope had ordered as a means to end the troubles, they broke the silence to urge upon the younger members of their faction that Mgr Morra's concessions were not a goal, but a half-way house; that their resolution must not flag until they had turned a victory into a rout. The Retreat Father went away bewailing that he had wasted his time and trouble; and the rebel leaders turned their attentions to the new students who were just arriving for the beginning of the scholastic year 1595-6.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Most of the sources used for this article are those given in the first footnote to the previous article of this series, *THE VENERABLE*, Vol. XVI, page 240; the same abbreviations will be used. Other sources will be referred to in full where they occur.

<sup>2</sup> Chambers, 6-7 (an account hostile to the rebels).



The first to reach Rome was the future martyr Richard Smith, the first *beatus* to enter the College since John Ingram had left in 1591. On his arrival, a new student had quite a ritual to observe. First, he was taken into the Salone, where a fire was lit in his honour, and then he was taken next door into the Cardinal's old room, where his feet were washed and he was solemnly clothed with the cassock by the Rector. At dinner, he went to the first table, and at recreation afterwards he met the students for the first time.<sup>3</sup> Richard Smith had no sooner been introduced to his new companions, than they began to tell him all that they disliked about the Jesuits. They explained that the Superiors did not intend to let him stay as a student, but he need not worry, because they, the rebels, would threaten to complain straightway to the Pope unless they did so. Their propaganda, however, fell on deaf ears. Richard Smith, as more dangerous men than the Venerable students were to learn, had a will of his own.

The next to arrive was another future martyr, Blessed John Lockwood, who was later, after valiant service in Yorkshire, arrested in advanced old age while digging his garden, and martyred at York in the time of King Charles I. He was now thirty-four years old, and arrived in company with a young and sickly lad called Ralph Hyde, and two others named Henry Percy and Philip Draycott.<sup>4</sup> Since persuasion had failed with Smith, the rebels tried threats: if Lockwood did not join them, they said, they would make sure that he was not allowed to become a student. Here again they failed: the future martyr not only refused to be bullied, but recruited Percy and Draycott to the side of authority. The superiors were naturally delighted, and admitted all three to live in the College—and this in spite of the fact that Henry Percy was a middle-aged and married Irishman who could not be of any imaginable service to the English mission! Hyde was too ill to become a student, but remained in the College and became an enthusiastic supporter of the mutineers.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Except for the after-dinner recreation on the first day, the new students lived apart from the others for ten days (MEYER, *England and the Catholic Church under Queen Elizabeth*, 101). The customs listed above are first recorded in 1591 (*Usanze in Scrittura*, 6.25). Smith's arrival is given as 7th October by the Pilgrim Book; the Liber Ruber says that he was admitted as an alumnus (and had therefore been at the College some time) on 30th September (C.R.S. 37, 99). I cannot discover which is right.

<sup>4</sup> They arrived on 4th October (Liber Ruber) or 12th (Pilgrim Book). Percy and Draycott had travelled out together, and at Bologna they had met the charming musician and composer John Dowland; who passed on the news to Sir Robert Cecil. (*Hatfield Calendar*, V, 445.)

<sup>5</sup> Chambers, 7; FOLEY, VI, 44; LM 1596, 71.



The new men did not see the College at its best. Study seems to have ceased almost entirely; the days were passed in public meetings in the students' rooms or in merry parties at the houses of the anti-Jesuit noblemen in the city, which the Rector, Fioravanti, was too kind or too powerless to stop. The performance of the liturgy became slovenly; the practice-sermons were stopped, because they had become the vehicle for personal tirades against the students one disliked; mice ran over the altars where Sherwin had celebrated. The news of the rebellion in the College had spread all over Europe, wherever Englishmen gathered; and letters came from Spain, France, Flanders, Germany and distant parts of Italy, some to the Pope, some to Cardinal Protector Caetani, and some to the scholars themselves, abhorring these disastrous tumults which made Catholics weep and heretics dance for joy. 'The Queen of England', wrote Sir William Stanley from Brussels, 'could not bring into the field an army so terrible to Religion, nor use a military stratagem so hurtful to Catholics, as these stubborn and seditious youths in the English College.' The students in the English Seminaries in Spain, as they were setting out for the English Mission, wrote a letter to their confrères in Rome beseeching them, by the memory of Sherwin and the martyrs, to obey the Jesuits to whom they owed such an infinite debt. The scholars in Rome, who looked on the Spanish seminarists as lackeys of King Philip II and traitors to their country, were not likely to be moved by this appeal. In any case, it arrived too late. The rebels had gone so far that there could be no thought of turning back.<sup>6</sup>

Nevertheless, it was not the students but the authorities who took the first step towards changing the constitution established by Mgr Morra. Some time after the Visitation Claudio Aquaviva, the General of the Jesuits, came to the College. He urged the students, in a friendly manner, to return to obedience and charity. They made some complaints—for instance the Superiors had not given the student-*ripetitori* rooms of their own—and asked him to give them a chance to behave themselves under the Morra regime. Whether this was a genuine change of heart, or a ruse to gain time, it seemed to

<sup>6</sup> Many of these letters are preserved. That of the Spanish scholars is in Stonyhurst Coll. P. 359a-360e. Others, such as that of Sir Francis Englefield (Madrid, 8/10/95), of Dr Stillington (15/7/95), of Stanley (without date), of John Bell and Richard Banks (an old schoolfellow of the rebels) are in BARTOLI, *Dell' Inghilterra*, pp. 434ff, and in HUNTER, *Defence of the Clergy and Religious* . . . pp. 62ff and Appendices. For other statements in this paragraph, see Chambers, 7; PERSONS, *Apologie*, 54; FOLEY, VI, 28, 31, 44.



satisfy him, and he went away promising to give the system a trial.<sup>7</sup> But the reports that he heard of secret gatherings at home and junketings abroad convinced Aquaviva that something drastic would have to be done. He discussed the matter with Cardinal Caetani and with the Pope himself; and also, it seems, with the leading men of the Society. For it is almost certainly to this period that we must assign a fragmentary minute of a meeting of twenty-two Jesuits which is still preserved in the Society's archives. The proceedings opened with a dissertation on the English character, which even to-day makes lively reading.<sup>8</sup>

The paper begins by saying that the English grow up very slowly; they are just boys until they reach the age of 25, and consequently must be treated with more severity than other nations. They are suspicious, reserved, and always searching your motives. If you tell them to do something without telling them why, they obey; if you consult them first, or give reasons, they take no notice. They reject all new customs; but as soon as a custom begins to grow old, they treasure it. If you give in to them, or show that you are afraid, they will give you no peace; but they will yield to firmness. They are fond of plots and conspiracy, but they must have a leader whom they respect; on their own, they are the veriest cowards.

After this, a history of the College was read. The moral of the story as it was told was that the troubles were all caused by the excessive indulgence shown to the scholars. The firm and perfect discipline which the Society used in other Colleges had never been introduced into the Venerable. The method hitherto used there would be excellent for fully grown men; but it does not suit these young fellows, '*qui, ut dictum est, sub ferula continendi sunt*'.<sup>9</sup>

The meeting proceeded to the discussion of remedies. The possibility of expulsion was raised, and it was stressed that any such scheme would have to be carefully handled. Expulsion should not be the first step: the students should be checked, first by charity, then by shame, after that by ever-increasing punishment, and last of all by expulsion. With regard to the admission of students, it was suggested that they should be recruited from the Spanish colleges; Rheims should be allowed to send only ready-ordained priests. The students in Rome should be ordained only in Top Year, and not two or three years

<sup>7</sup> FOLEY VI, 21, 26, 39.

<sup>8</sup> Arch. Rom. S.I., Rom. 156 II, f 171.

<sup>9</sup> The average age of the students at this time was twenty-four.



beforehand—because, as had been said before, it was the remarkable reverence which English people showed to priests which enabled the ringleaders of revolts to secure support. Other suggestions were made and referred to the Assistants of the Society. The meeting closed with a reminder (from the Chairman?) that it was the Society's custom to deal gently even with cannibals and wild beasts; how much more then, with these '*Dei filii qui sunt docibiles Dei*'.<sup>10</sup>

The upshot of Aquaviva's deliberations was that it was decided '*ut omnes cubiculis suis continerentur*', and that servants should be hired from outside to act as prefects over the students. This scheme, which seems to have originated with Cardinal Caetani, had the full approval of the Pope, and seemed reasonable in view of the fact that some of the room-prefects at present in office—such as Tempest, Button, and Hill—were worse than useless at keeping discipline. Moreover, Mgr Morra had ordered that the cameratas should be shuffled round to break up centres of disaffection, and this reform would be nugatory if the rebels remained prefects. Nevertheless, if those responsible for this decision had pushed their researches into the English character a little further, they would perhaps have foreseen that it would cause more resentment than anything which had happened hitherto. Even the pro-Jesuit students considered that the system of extern-prefects was one which could only be tolerated in an emergency; and the rebels were aghast at what they considered Aquaviva's duplicity in promising to give them another chance while at the same time devising Jesuitical innovations which cut against all the traditions of the House.<sup>11</sup>

It was evidently expected that the hiring of servants as prefects would cause some opposition, because when Cardinal Caetani announced the measure, he stressed that it was the Pope's express command, and he gave the students a few days' grace to compose their minds to obedience. The rebels used the first of these days—it was Friday, 13th October 1595—to send four of their number to Mondragone, where the Pope was staying at the time, to appeal against the decision. Fioravanti, with his incorrigible good nature, paid all their expenses out of the College funds.<sup>12</sup>

<sup>10</sup> The mention of Rheims might suggest that this paper should be dated before 1593, when the college returned to Douay. But the meeting clearly took place during Fioravanti's rule, and Douay was often called 'Rheims' for some years after the return. (See, for example, our own *Libri Mastri*, *passim*.)

<sup>11</sup> FOLEY VI, 21, 26, 38-9; Chambers 7-7v.

<sup>12</sup> Chambers 7v, and LM 1595, 272 and 299.



The four delegates had to wait several days in Frascati before obtaining an audience. When they finally saw the Pope, he had nothing to say except that they must obey their superiors. They returned to Rome, and found that while they were away, all their hopes had come crashing down. Owen Lewis and Throckmorton, their idol and their ally, had sickened, died, and been buried in the College chapel within the space of four days. The superstitious said that Lewis had died for his presumption in digging for the body of St Francis; the Jesuits thought it was the hand of God striking down the enemies of the Society. 'Hetherto', wrote one of them later, 'God went soft and fayre with these people, cuttinge off now one and now another of their heades and winges, thereby to checke and warne them: but when they passed forwardes to kindle and blow that greate and furious fyre of sedition in Rome . . . then God begann to lay aboute him more eagerly and cutt off many together. For then died Doctor Lewes the Bushop of Cassano, that was accompted in this affaure *radix peccati*; and this within three or foure dayes sickness . . .'<sup>13</sup> Whatever the cause, Lewis was dead, and there could now be no more hope of a Cardinal from among the students' friends in Rome. Rumours that Hugh Griffiths would succeed to his uncle's prelacy proved groundless, though the Pope, in memory of Lewis, gave him revenues worth a thousand scudi a year.<sup>14</sup>

Owen Lewis is a puzzling figure in our history. He was a popular and revered figure at the Papal Court, and his death caused real grief to Pope Clement. Yet as soon as he was dead, abuse was heaped on his name which has stuck to it to this day. He is described as an ambitious villain, the *radix peccati*, the *fons litium*, who caused all these troubles because he was still, after fifteen years, sulking over the Mutiny among the Martyrs which had ended his sway over the College he had founded. Yet even his enemies cannot point to any action of his during this last year of his life which would justify such charges. He expected to succeed Allen; he gave parties to the students; he intervened thrice in the quarrels, once on the side of the rebels, and twice on the side of the Rector. That is all. It is a modest enough qualification for the role of a Machiavelli.<sup>15</sup>

<sup>13</sup> Persons, in C.R.S. 2, 207. The rebels later started a rumour that Lewis had been poisoned by the Jesuits.

<sup>14</sup> *Avvisi* of 21 October, Urb. Lat. 1063, ff 786 and 779. (Vatican Library.) Chambers 7v.

<sup>15</sup> For the hostile tradition, see Segal's report (FOLEY VI, 9-11), and Persons in C.R.S. loc. cit., and LAW I, 26ff.



Lewis would have been a greater man if he had made his *nolo episcopari* a little more emphatic; but he cannot be held responsible for the excesses of his supporters any more than Persons is to blame for the canvassing that went on in his name. A malevolent self-seeker, such as Lewis is painted by the hostile tradition, could never have won and held the esteem of such men as Cardinal Allen, Pope Clement VIII and St Charles Borromeo. No-one will deny that Lewis had his share of faults; but he had as well a genuine love for the English College. We need not grudge him his fulsome epitaph in the chapel nor the anniversary Mass which we still sing each year.<sup>16</sup>

After Lewis's death there was a lull in the quarrel. On the 20th October the rebel leader Thomas Hill set off on pilgrimage to Loreto with one companion. During the whole of his journey it poured with rain, harder than anyone could remember. The Pope hurried back from Frascati; the Anio burst its dams at Tivoli, and the Tiber rose inexorably until people feared that they would have to sail in boats up the streets of the city. Rome was full of signs and portents: at the Palazzo Farnese a boy was hugged by the Cardinal's pet bear and his skull was cracked like an eggshell; down by the river a priest drowned himself in despair as the *De Auxiliis* controversy raged. Rumours went round that Queen Elizabeth was thinking of returning to the Church: had she not written to Henri IV to ask him to send over one of the priests who had converted him, and had not the Pope made a cryptic and significant remark about it at breakfast the other morning? At this, the students must have become more impatient than ever to be rid of the Jesuits, for it was always the fondly cherished belief of their party that only the disloyal members of the Society stood between Catholics and a *rapprochement* with the Government. But with Lewis and Throckmorton dead, they dared make no move.<sup>17</sup>

On the first of November Cardinal Caetani, who was about to leave for bandit-ridden Apulia, paid another visit to the College. He re-affirmed that the decision to impose extern-prefects had been taken at his own and the Pope's command; and he offered permission to leave to any who wished—a permission which was not taken, in view of the oncoming winter

<sup>16</sup> Lewis left us 1,000 scudi for Masses; and we also received the vestments of Cardinal Allen which had been bought by Hugh Griffiths. (Liber Ruber, Annales f. 79.)

<sup>17</sup> *Avvisi* of September–November 1595, Urb. Lat. 1063, ff 694, 715–38, 879.



with its dangers to travel. In his absence he made the Vice-Gerent of Rome his deputy.<sup>18</sup>

The Vice-Gerent visited the College several times during the next week, dining monotonously off a succession of thrushes. On 5th November he ordered the departure of Silvester Norris and Richard Button, two of the priests who should have left in spring if it had not been for the quarrel over faculties. With regard to the extern-prefects, he proposed a compromise : there were to be only two, one for the main body of the scholars, and another for the new students. But neither persuasion, commands, nor threats would make the rebels submit to his ruling.

Next day, therefore, four of the most stubborn rebels, Hill, Tempest, Fisher and Jackson, were summoned to the Vice-Gerent's house—apparently to appear before the court of the Cardinal Vicar, Rusticucci. Suspecting that he intended to expel them (he had in fact already got the Papal mandate to do so) they refused to appear. They were now technically contumacious, so the Vice-Gerent returned to the College and read the Papal sentence expelling them from the College and banishing them from Rome. On hearing this, the rest of the rebels threatened to leave *en bloc* if the sentence were carried out. This device had been tried before, with some success ; but the Vice-Gerent was determined to stand no nonsense. He told the four leaders to prepare for their journey and, unknown to the students, sent for the *sbirri* or police.

Fioravanti, anxious to lighten the unpleasantness of the affair, supplied the expelled students with money and bought suits of clothes for them from the Jewish tailor Solomon. While the four packed, the rest of the rebels crammed on two complete sets of clothes (for winter was setting in, and it was raining hard) and took their stand beside the doors, with packs on their backs, determined to share their leaders' fate. At last Hill and the others came down ; the doors were opened and they went outside. Their friends tried to break through after them. To their horror, they found the way barred by a group of armed men, headed by a sergeant with a drawn sword. '*Quisnam es ?*' asked one of the students. '*Sbirri sumus*' was the reply ; and all fell back

<sup>18</sup> Even Moroni's painstaking research could not establish who was Vice-Gerent in 1595. It was probably either Paolo de' Corti, the celebrated Theatine theologian, or Alessandro Ludovisi, the future Pope Gregory XV. If it was the latter, it is ironic that the man who now put down the rebels with such an iron hand should later have been the Pope who established the anti-Jesuit party in power in England by his appointment of the first Bishop of Chalcedon. (MORONI, *Dizionario di Erudizione*, XCIX, 172-3.)



with a truly English respect for the police. The four were marched off, and the rest broke into lamentation. Some swore, others cried; a few tried to get out through the back door, and the rest ran aimlessly up and down the corridors. The Jesuits (so the students imagined) enjoyed the whole affair: *'ipsis Patribus laetitia interim exsultantibus, adeo ut ex iis nonnulli quasi gloriosum de superatis hostibus triumphum agerent, contenta voce "victoria! victoria!" clamantes'*.<sup>19</sup>

The Vice-Gerent spent most of the next two days at the College. He sent troops after the four disgraced students to make quite sure that they left the city; the soldiers went beyond their orders, placed the four in chains and confiscated some of their baggage. When the Vice-Gerent opened the papers found upon them, he discovered that they intended not merely to expel the Jesuits from the Venerabile, but to have them removed from all other English seminaries as well. A police-cordon was placed round the College to prevent the students from getting in touch with their friends in the city.<sup>20</sup>

Nevertheless, news of the expulsion leaked out. It reached a certain Dominican Father William, who under his secular name of John Sacheverell had been a classmate of Tempest during his first year in the English College. This friar went immediately to see the Pope. He told Clement that there was a great danger that the treatment these students had received might make them apostatise and give highly dangerous information to the English Government. The Pope, who had not been informed about the police intervention, was impressed. He revoked the Vice-Gerent's orders and had Hill, Tempest and their friends brought back to Rome. On their return he gave them an audience, told them to return to the College, and promised to have the whole business thoroughly re-examined.<sup>21</sup>

<sup>19</sup> Chambers, 7-8; Ottoboni Lat. 2473, 202 (Vatican Library); LM 1595, 299; LM 1596, 80. Spese, 5-9/11/95.

The chronology is confused. I list below the certain dates, partly in order to show the kind of evidence which the account books have to offer about important events in College history.

Monday, 6th November: 'Monsignore' dined at the College. (Spese, 6/11/95.)

Tuesday, 7th Money given to the '4 che sono mandati via'. (LM 1595, 299.)

Bronze bell and majolica cup bought for Monsignore (Spese).

Wednesday, 8th Monsignore dines at College. (Spese, 8/11/95.)

Hats bought for Button and Norris (ibid.).

Thursday, 9th Monsignore dines at College. (Spese, 8/11/95.)

Students go to vineyard (ibid.).

Sbirri paid for their services (LM, 1595, *diverse*.)

Saturday, 11th *Avvisi* say that Caetani left for Apulia last Thursday. (f. 854.)

<sup>20</sup> Chambers, 8; FOLEY VI, 53.

<sup>21</sup> Chambers, 8; C.R.S. 39, 77. It is clear from Chambers that 'Father William' is to be identified with John Sacheverell, and not with William Lister, as Fr Bede Jarrett suggested in C.R.S. 25, 242.



The whole story was soon all round the town, and rumours flew about that the Jesuits would be removed from the College. In fact, Aquaviva, thoroughly weary, had asked the Pope to let him withdraw his subjects from the government.<sup>22</sup> The students heard the story, and had it confirmed by Fioravanti. Norris and Button were allowed to stay, through the intervention of their friends outside the College. All the disputed points were to lie until the Visitation promised by the Pope. The students were so delighted that their defeat had been turned into a victory that they accepted the extern-prefects on the same night that the black sheep returned.<sup>23</sup>

At the end of November the Pope substituted for Caetani's deputy an official Vice-Protector: Filippo Sega, Cardinal Priest of S. Onofrio. Cardinal Sega was a highly important person: he had been nuncio to almost every country in Europe, winning distinction as canonist and diplomat, and he was widely regarded as the most *papabilis* of all the Cardinals. His appearance, at this stage of his career, in the English College, is significant of the importance that the troubles were beginning to have on the greater stage of world politics.<sup>24</sup>

On Thursday, 30th November, St Andrew's Day, the Cardinal came to the College with Mgr Morra to open the promised Visitation. He said Mass in the chapel and distributed Communion; then he assembled the students before him and told them briefly what he wanted them to do. Edward Tempest replied, paying suitable compliments to the Visitor and promising all obedience. This was right and proper; but some of his audience were taken aback when he went on to say that if the superiors, as well as the students, had kept the rules made after Mgr Morra's visitation, there would have been no need for any second investigation. Sega made no comment, but proceeded to examine the students individually.

It soon became obvious that a personal examination of all the students was impracticable. The first one to be summoned was still talking when the Cardinal rose to go in the evening. He decided, therefore, to instruct the scholars of both parties to write out all that they thought he should know. Meanwhile, he noted down his own first impressions of the students. They

<sup>22</sup> His petition is in Borghese II, 448a in the Vatican Archives.

<sup>23</sup> *Avvisi* of 18th November, Urb. Lat. 1063, 885; Chambers, 8; FOLEY VI, 40-41. Aquaviva wrote to tell Persons and Creswell that he intended to give up the College; they objected strongly. (Creswell-Aldobrandini correspondence, Borghese III, 124g2, 90.)

<sup>24</sup> See his life in Ciaconius IV. The portrait on Sega's tomb in S. Onofrio shows us piercing eyes, a supple mouth and courtly beard, and a retroussé nose which alone prevents the face from seeming malevolent. The Cardinal had already conducted a Visitation of the College in 1585.



were not entirely unfavourable. 'As regards the present students', he later told the Pope, 'I premise . . . that though satisfactory in most respects, their readiness to excite disturbance is, to my mind, an unmistakable symptom of no slight malady of heart. Having remarked as much at the very outset of my visitation, though their conduct betrayed nought that was unseemly or disorderly, I deemed it expedient to make allowances.'<sup>25</sup>

Next day—it was the first of December, and they would be celebrating Campion's martyrdom<sup>26</sup>—Sega sent a letter under his seal, informing the students that the Visitation would be conducted henceforth in writing. When it was placed on the notice board, Thomas Hill pulled it down and tore it in pieces. At long last a Visitor had come to the College expressly charged to decide whether the Jesuits were to go or stay; and was he going to end his investigations after a single day? But the rebels' indignation was mitigated when they learned that the Cardinal, who had told them to obey the Jesuits until the result of the Visitation was published, had also told the Rector to let them do what they liked during the same period, merely noting down the most serious offences for punishment later. The stories told of what happened during this period of *carte blanche* are quite fantastic. Hill, it is said, struck one of the Jesuits with his fist, and had it not been for Aquaviva's intercession, would have been sent to the public gaol. When the slices of meat at dinner were smaller than usual, or when the fish smelt odd, or the bread was stale, it was bundled into a satchel and taken off for exhibition to the Cardinal at his palace. Robert Fisher once went up to the superiors' table when they were eating and tasted their food to see if it was any better than the students'. The same lad, it seems, was in the habit of keeping a bottle of wine in the bookcase in his room. Father Minister confiscated it; and when Fisher came to ask for it back, he was told 'Go and tell the Cardinal what sort of books you study'. He took the words seriously, and went straight off to Sega's palace to ask for the return of his bottle. It says much for the Vice-Protector's self-discipline that he said no more than '*nescio quid quaeris*'.<sup>27</sup>

<sup>25</sup> Chambers, 9; FOLEY VI, 18. Cardinal Sega was not, of course, as pompous as this—he was unfortunate in his Victorian translator.

<sup>26</sup> It was Campion, and not Sherwin, whose martyrdom they celebrated. See the confession of Samuel Wharton, 26/4/95, Hatfield Calendar V, 184.

<sup>27</sup> These stories are told by Chambers, page 9; it should be remembered that his imagination was better than his memory. But the tales told of Fisher are quite in character. Some details are confirmed elsewhere: for instance, we know that the slices of meat *were* smaller than usual because Cardinal Sega's nephew ordered that no more than 50lb of meat should be cooked at each meal. (*Usanze*.)



Meanwhile, the rebels turned to the congenial business of writing out their complaints. As Chambers says, rather cattily, those who for six months past had never read three pages of their text-books, now composed sheet after sheet of invective against the Jesuits. It was a golden opportunity for the spiteful. Three years since, one student had been slapped on the face by the Prefect of Studies for missing his cue in a tragedy at the Shrove concert; some others had been snubbed by the Rector when they reported some of their companions for monopolizing the Common Room fire; young Francis Isham was annoyed that his father, a noble and impoverished servant of the late Cardinal, had been refused admission as a convictor. All these and similar personal grudges cluttered up the two hundred pages that were eventually presented to Segá. Nevertheless, by selecting the main points from the disjointed summary which the Visitor later wrote for the Pope, we can find five chief heads of accusation against the Jesuits.<sup>28</sup>

First, it is alleged that the Jesuits in England are aiming at control over the clergy, and are exploiting their wide faculties to alienate the laity from the secular priests. This complaint—which we have met before in the *Supplicatio* to Owen Lewis at the beginning of the troubles—probably originated in the conversation of some of the English seculars who visited Rome in these years. None the less, it was a matter of personal moment to these rebels, whose leaders were all due to leave for the mission, and had a very practical interest in faculties. Hence we cannot deduce from this complaint—as some writers have done—that the seculars in England were behind the revolution in Rome.<sup>29</sup>

Secondly, the students complain about the system of discipline in the College. There is little contact, they say, between the students and superiors, who no longer even eat in the same Refectory. Instead, the Jesuits have formed a clique of 'elect' or 'guardian angels' who are petted with nice clothes, fancy foods, and special permissions, and encouraged to spy on their brethren. The Jesuits' motto in governing is '*divide et impera*', so they foster internal squabbles among the students. They have departed from traditions hallowed by the blood of martyrs,

<sup>28</sup> Segá's summary of the students' complaints is in Ottob. Lat. 2473, 201 ff; the translation in FOLEY VI, 19 ff. is generally accurate except for a few proper names. I have dealt summarily with Segá's report since much of it can be found in Gasquet's history of the College (pp. 93-106).

<sup>29</sup> MEYER, op. cit., p. 393, speaks of 'secret communications' between the seculars and the alumni. The document he quotes to support this (Borghese IV, 209b, f. 200-03) in fact says nothing of the kind. See above, VENERABLE, Vol. XVI, p. 244.



and have slyly introduced the hateful system of extern-prefects. It is this new discipline which is the cause of all the trouble.<sup>30</sup>

The students' complaints on this head are illustrated in a book written a few years later, by one of their supporters, Dr Humphrey Ely of Pont-au-Mousson in Lorraine, which it is worth while to quote.<sup>31</sup> Speaking of the hostility aroused by the Jesuit superiors, he says :—

‘The first cause of discontent is, their open penances done in the hall, and their *dicitur culpa*, which is as farre from all good orderly discipline, that when a man doth it at the first, he is so farre ordinarily from amendment, that in his hart he doth grutch, and repine at his superiors, for the geving of it. But when he is used 3 or 4 times to doe it, then he maketh a very scoff and mocking or may game of it : so farre it is from a true penance, as it engendreth (as I said) both hatred and mockery . . .

‘The second is their Spies, which the Rectors have alwaies in store, which by an honester name are called *Angeli custodes*. These spies, at recreation-time and in other places, speake liberally against their superiors, of their government and usage towards them, of their apparell, meate and drinck, and against the straght keeping of them in, and against what soever they thinke is not wel done in the colleadge. And all this to sounde their compaignons. Now if one or twoe hap to discourse, as he doth, against the superior ; these spies carry the wholly discourse straight to the rector. After a few daies the others are called *coram nobis*, and are either punished or rigorously reprehended for the same. These good felowes afterwards recall to mynde before whom and in whose presence and what companie they spake such thinges, and having discovered this good felowe, they from that day forewards hate him as a spie and a traitor. If this be a charitable way of government, iudge you, and whether this be true and practized continually or no, I refer to the conscience of as many of you . . . as have bene brought up in that Seminarie, and to the knowledge of all others that have been brought up therein, yea to those themselves that have been these good Angells. Nothing so contrary to an englishmans nature, as to be betrayed by him whom he trusteth. If such spies

<sup>30</sup> FOLEY VI, 20-21.

<sup>31</sup> Dr Ely himself was in the College much earlier than this, but he had entertained Fisher and Sheppard on their way home, and knew quite a lot about the troubles. His evidence is the more interesting because it sets out to describe the normal state of affairs and not the emergency measures caused by the rebellion.



were in Oxford (whose colleges have as good statute and ordinances for bringing up of youthes, if they were put in practice—no displeasure to the Fathers—as they have or can devise) if such spies I say weare in our colleages of Oxford, they would be plucked in peeces.’

The third charge against the Jesuits was that they treated the College as if it was a Noviciate, and that the confessor used unfair means to entice students to join the Society. On this point, Dr Ely writes :—

‘The 3. cause of discontentment, mother of sedition, is when such schollers as have whollie addicted themselves to priesthood to serve their countrey, see others which entend to be of the societie, to be more favored, more cherished and more often in Fa: Minister’s chamber at collations, have more free access to the Rector and to be better countenanced than they: this affection which the Fathers beare to such, can neither be wisely hidd of th’one, nor well digested of th’other.’<sup>32</sup>

The fourth complaint was that the Jesuits paid insufficient attention to the laws of precedence: for instance, the student-confessors had no title and had to serve at table; junior clerics were made prefects over priests; the student-*ripetitori* still had to live in camerata. Especially it was urged that the superiors stood in the way of the students getting their full share of disputations, degrees, and similar honours. Such points of etiquette and academic distinction no longer stir our passions, but at the time the neglect of them was all the more deeply resented because their observance was regarded as peculiarly English.<sup>33</sup>

Finally, the students complain that the Jesuits’ temporal administration is inadequate. Though there are less students than ever, the College is bankrupt, because of the huge staff which lives on its funds. The food is poor: the bread is as green as a tree, as furry as a peach, and so hard that it cannot be cut with a knife. The wine tastes abominable. For eight months of the year the only meat is *bue*, which in winter is hard and in summer rotten. The fruit is frequently bad, and the cheese crawls with worms.<sup>34</sup> The clothes provided by the College are

<sup>32</sup> ELY, *Certaine Briefe notes* . . . 80–82.

<sup>33</sup> See ELY, 84ff.

<sup>34</sup> Ottob. Lat. 2473, 203: ‘Panis plerumque eiusmodi porrigitur, qui prae nimia ariditate, ac duritie, cultri aciem eludat, colore vero arboris viriditatem, aut punici mali lanuginem referat. Vinum etiam, quod praebetur, infimi plane, ingratiq[ue] saporis, carnes totis octo anni mensibus non aliae quam vaccinae, eaeque semper durae, aridae, maulentae, aestatis etiam tempore putridae ut plurimum, et grave olentes. Caseus, pira, vel poma si quando secundis mensis apponatur, ille vermiculis scatet, haec omni ex parte putridae reperiuntur saepissime.’



not satisfactory. The chapel is dirty and vermin-ridden, and the library is in chaos. The rooms are unhealthy and the infirmarians incompetent.<sup>35</sup>

Such was the case which the students presented. Of their hatred for the Spanish crown and their impassioned belief that the Jesuits were traitors to their country, they said not a word. In this, whether they knew it or not, they were well advised. Filippo Sega, for whom Elizabeth was always 'that dirty Jezabel', who as nuncio to Madrid had given his advice that it was no sin to murder the Queen in cold blood, was not the man to be influenced by any plea that the Jesuits were corrupting the students' loyalty to their sovereign lady.<sup>36</sup>

Having read the students' complaints, Sega sent them back to the Rector and asked for the Jesuits' replies. To the first charge, they answered that the Society sought only the glory of God, that they had no ambitions in England (for what ambitions could there be in a country where there were no prelacies?), that they did their best to make the laity respect the seculars, and that if the laity entrusted them with alms, that could only be a mark of the high respect which they had for the religious vocation.

On the question of discipline, the Jesuits appeal, as their friends had done often before, to their good record in other English Colleges. They deny any favouritism, and point to the fact that the majority of public offices are held by the rebels. The spy system, however, seems to them so normal as to need no excuse.<sup>37</sup> As to the innovations such as the extern-prefects, they point out with justice that these were the result and not the cause of the troubles. And in any case, the responsibility lies not with the staff of the College, but with the Cardinal Protector.

The Jesuits deny that they have been touting for vocations. Besides pointing to the passage in their constitutions forbidding them to do so, they quote the case of Anthony Champney who had asked to be admitted to the Society, and had been refused, though an intelligent and promising pupil. Not much time was wasted on the charges about precedence: they said a few words about humility, quoted a few parallel cases, and denied that the students were being cheated of disputations or degrees, or being

<sup>35</sup> These and other complaints will be found in FOLEY, loc. cit.

<sup>36</sup> See MEYER, p. 490f, and HUGHES, *Rome and the Counter-Reformation in England*, pp. 212-16.

<sup>37</sup> They admit that they expected the servants to spy on the students (FOLEY VI, 42). Sega was later surprised to note that the students regarded it as treacherous to report each other.



forced onto the minor course. As to the temporal state of the College, they contented themselves with pointing out the many exaggerations of the scholars and professed themselves quite prepared to cut down the staff. They admitted that the library was in disorder, but blamed this on the students.<sup>38</sup>

Sega had asked the students not only to tell him what was wrong with the College, but also to suggest how it should be set right. The ten students in communion with the superiors contented themselves with a few remarks: the liturgy should be better conducted, and a new sacristan appointed; the ring-leaders of the revolt should be expelled, and the new students should be kept separate from the old; the minister's penances must be obeyed, and no more arguments from tradition must be brought against the superiors. Above all, the Jesuits are to remain in charge of the College.<sup>39</sup>

The rebels were far more enterprising: they drew up a blueprint for a Students' Republic. The College was to be taken away from the Jesuits and given to somebody who was neither Jesuit nor English—perhaps Oratorians from the Chiesa Nuova. Faculties were to be distributed by an impartial Englishman such as the President of Douay. There were to be three student-confessors, and several student-*ripetitori*, all democratically elected. The number of scholars, especially of student-priests and post-graduates, was to be increased, and the number of servants (including of course the extern-prefects) to be sharply reduced, so that the entire staff would be no more than five. Anyone who received a vocation to a religious Order was to leave the College, and no *iuratus* should join any Order until two years after his departure. The diet, dress and facilities for recreation were to be improved. The students were to examine the accounts each week, 'as is done in every well-conducted English College', and were to institute an enquiry into the causes of the present crippling debt. The sick were to be better cared for, and the convalescent should be sent to Frascati. To this end, there was to be a democratically-elected infirmarian.<sup>40</sup>

<sup>38</sup> The Jesuits' answers are in FOLEY VI, 32ff. They show remarkable restraint in keeping strictly to self-defence instead of making counter-charges against the students. On the subject of Jesuit vocations from the College, see the detailed study by Fr Hicks in *Archivum Historicum, S.J.*, 1934, 1ff. Since the death of Allen only one student had joined the Society.

<sup>39</sup> These students presented a memorial to the Pope for the retention of the Jesuits. It will be found in Borghese II, 448a, 318.

<sup>40</sup> FOLEY VI, 26ff. From the first request we see that the current story (as given, for example, in MEYER, p. 341), that the students were in revolt partly because they wanted an English Rector, is without foundation. Mgr Morra had already given permission for a student-infirmarian (VENERABLE, Vol XVI, p. 257); evidently he had not yet been appointed.



This Utopia was naturally committed to the waste paper-basket by Sega, with the remark that a College must be a benevolent despotism and not a democracy. Having read what both sides had to say, the Cardinal proceeded with his report. It was not ready for some months, and the rebels, growing impatient of the delay, and fearing that Sega's decision would be adverse, petitioned the Pope that the matter might be re-examined by the Congregation for Religious. His Holiness rejected the request with the characteristically forthright remark '*indignum est Urbem huiusmodi nugis (quae vix tot fabis valent) permisceri*'.<sup>41</sup>

On 14th March Cardinal Sega completed his written report to the Pope. He prefaced it with a long historical introduction. The other English Jesuit Colleges are peaceful, he says; therefore the cause of the troubles cannot be either the Jesuit régime or the English character. The cause must be an external one: the troubles are stirred up by Catholic exiles 'caring little or naught for their country . . . striving to make money . . . to gratify their ambition'. Owen Lewis is taken as the prime example of these self-seekers. Examples are heaped up of false Catholics:—Vane, Aldred, Gilbert Gifford, Grately—all of them now dead or safely in prison long before the troubles started. More pertinently, the Cardinal traces the connection between Lewis's friends of the anti-Jesuit party in Flanders and the Government agents Poley and Moody. Paget and Throckmorton, he says, 'held frequent communications with the spies and other tools of that wicked Jezabel, and thus supplied her with much secret information'. He points out further that Lewis was connected with the suspect Morgan and with the traitor Aldred, telling a dramatic story of how the Bishop and Aldred were found one midnight in the English College library with a purse of gold. Altogether, this introduction suggests that the troubles have been engineered by a sinister clique in the pay of the English Government. It is true that nearly all the facts related by Sega happened six years or more before the troubles started; it is true that he ends rather lamely by saying that he does not mean to say that there are *now* any spies in the College. But the impression gathered by anyone who read rapidly through his paragraphs would be that the government of Elizabeth was directly responsible for the quarrels. Which, if one comes to think of it, was the most convenient explanation for all

<sup>41</sup> Chambers, 9-10.



concerned. It would deflect the Pope's anger from both superiors and students of the College, and turn it towards a government for whom no one in Rome—least of all Filippo Cardinal Sega—felt any sympathy.<sup>42</sup>

After this introduction, Sega inserted the summaries of the students' and Jesuits' writings which make up the main body of his report, and then concluded by making his own recommendations. First, the Jesuits were not to be recalled from the English mission. If the Cardinal had ever had any doubts on this point, they must have been removed by the stream of letters still pouring into Rome testifying to the devotion felt by the overwhelming majority of English Catholics for the fathers of the Society. Lewis Hughes, Bishop Lewis's cousin and a former foe to the Jesuits, wrote on his deathbed in December 1595 'I have found the Fathers of the Society here in *England*, pious, holy, full of Charity, Fervour and Zeal . . . in great Repute and Honour with all the Virtuous and Faithful'. George Blackwell, the future Archpriest, wrote (on New Year's Day 1596) of the charity shown by Jesuits to seculars arriving in England: 'These Fathers receive them, when they have no Home; by them they are decently Cloathed; by them they are maintain'd, when destitute both of Money and Food; by them they are provided with Horses and other Necessaries for their Voyages'. From Louvain came letters from the veteran apologist Stapleton; Lady Mary Percy wrote on behalf of her convent; at Nieupoort, the Prior of the Carthusians, Fr Derbyshire, wrote in favour of the Society.<sup>43</sup> Nor were there only unsolicited testimonials. In the Jesuit archives in Rome there is a plan for three letters to be written in the name of all English Catholics; one to the Pope, saying that the troubles in the College were caused by a handful of seditious anti-Jesuits, and the rest of the English faithful wanted to live and die with the Protector and the General of the Society; another to thank the Cardinal Protector for defending the Fathers; and a third to Father General Aquaviva to apologize for the trouble he had been caused. These letters were to be signed by all the clergy and laity, in or out of England. If anyone refused, they were to be told that the Jesuits would

<sup>42</sup> The question whether Elizabeth's Government had any direct hand in these troubles will be discussed fully at the end of this series, for it is a question which goes much further than this report of Sega.

<sup>43</sup> BARTOLI, *Dell' Inghilterra*, 43ff; HUNTER, *Modest Defence* . . . 12ff, 61, Appendix III and VI. The spelling is Hunter's.



be recalled from England, and that no favour would ever be shown again by the Society to the English Mission.<sup>44</sup>

Secondly, Cardinal Sega recommends that the Jesuits be left in charge of the College, and he draws up a set of rules accordingly. The unruly students are to be expelled, or rather exchanged honourably with other students from Douay; perhaps a change of Colleges will change their manners. The camerata system must be imposed in its strict form, under the direction of the extern-prefects, since the students consider it treachery to report each other. There are to be no student-confessors or student-*ripetitori*; and there is to be an examination each year, so that the students will not be able to avoid the minor course through pride. The temporal side of the College must be re-organized (in this alone Sega agrees with the rebels): the accounts are confused, the book-keeper incompetent;<sup>45</sup> money is being lost on bread, meat, extravagant banquets, the haphazard system of clothes-distribution, the excessive staff, and bad management of the Abbey owned by the College at Piacenza. The infirmarian is useless. Finally, to prevent undesirables from entering or influencing the College, Douay is to be reformed, a careful check is to be made on those admitted, and the English colony in Rome is to be re-organized into a community under a *quasi-parochus*.<sup>46</sup>

With these recommendations Cardinal Sega concluded his report, and with his report he brought to an end the second stage of the troubles, coming to the support of the authorities with all the weight of his authority and cancelling all that had been done at the end of the visitation of Mgr Morra. It was his last public act. Within two months he was dead and buried in his titular church of S. Onofrio. Within three he had been succeeded by another Vice-Protector, and all his own rulings had been reversed in their turn.

(To be continued.)

ANTHONY KENNY.

<sup>44</sup> Arch. Rom. S.J., Angl. 31, f705. (Undated.)

<sup>45</sup> The book-keeper was not changed, but from May 1595 Minister Alaleone began to check the accounts each month.

<sup>46</sup> FOLEY VI, pp. 49-66.



## SAINT PHILIP'S PILGRIMAGE

Every college student has a definite attitude towards the *Osservatore Romano*, determined by the degree to which he has assimilated his Roman environment. At first he shyly retreats behind its generous acreage at the end of the Common Room, as a shield from the isolation of feeling new. Later he will try to read it to see how his Italian is getting on. The effort may be discouraging, but it is a comfort to learn at an even more mature date that its linguistic policy makes for anything rather than accessibility to a foreigner. The Editorials are reminiscent of Boston Society at a time when Cabots spoke only to Lovells and Lovells spoke only to God. They are of a lofty, rarified aloofness, beyond the reach of ordinary mortals.

Other parts of the paper, however, are more approachable. The ordinary news articles are readable enough, especially the *Cronaca di Roma* which sets out certain pious day-to-day customs of the City. Nestling among these is the shrine of our Blessed Lady to be venerated on the morrow; occasionally a second shrine or sub-station is added. As in the case of many other Roman customs, the origin of these Stations of Our Lady is debated. It was already old at the time of St Philip Neri, but he increased its popularity in a typically practical way by drawing up a list of these shrines in the form of a calendar for a month. Here it is as it stands to-day. The day of the month is followed by the name of the church and the title of the Madonna to be venerated there.

1st. *St Mary Major*. Picture: *Salus Populi Romani* (attributed to St Luke). The month begins, like the Marian Year, with St Mary Major. It is here in the Borghese Chapel



that white rose petals are showered down on 15th August. The statue of Our Lady, Queen of Peace, is further down the aisle. I have a vivid memory of a woman sobbing her heart out in front of it during the Abyssinian War.

2nd. *St Peter's*. Picture: *Our Lady of the Column*. This picture was actually painted on one of the columns of old St Peter's and shows a curved surface in consequence. The sub-station is at S. Rocco.

3rd. *S Maria in Campitelli*, off the Via Delfini. Picture: *Romanae Portus Securitatis*. The church was built in fulfilment of a vow made to Our Lady, for the cessation of the plague of 1656. It is said that the picture itself was carried through the streets in the time of St Gregory the Great and again at this time, and that the epidemic ceased whenever it passed. Crowned by the Vatican Chapter, it was placed over the High Altar of the new church. The church is better known to us perhaps for its prayers for the conversion of England, started by James III in 1766.

4th. *S Marcello al Corso*. Picture: *Ssma Adolorata*. This is a church of the Servites. The statue is modern, with seven swords and the scapular.

5th. *S Maria degli Angeli*. Here the picture gives the name to the church, a church which links the ages and has a suggestion of vastness which is on this account appropriate. The Baths bespeak paganism, but we also have memories of the martyrs, of St Bruno, and of the interests of the Renaissance and the Baroque. The latter are commemorated by the meridian line along the floor of the nave. The Madonna, by Perugino but 'improved', has six great angels. It is now the state church, S Andrea del Quirinale, having been put under an interdict at the Risorgimento.

6th. *S Maria in Aquiro* near the Colonna. This is an orphanage. The Picture is of Our Lady of Lourdes, but Roman devotion was not satisfied without crowning it.

7th. *S Maria in Aracoeli*. This picture is worthy of St Luke. Like that of the '*Salus Populi Romani*' the picture was taken through the streets in a penitential procession by St Gregory the Great. It is said that when the Pope recited the *Regina Coeli* a choir of angels over the church sang the last response. In 1950 the Mayor of Rome read the dedication of the City to the Mother of God from the steps of this ancient church, and Fr Lombardi preached to the assembled thousands.



8th. *S Carlo ai Catinari* in the Piazza Cairoli. Picture : *Auxilium Christianorum*.

9th. *S Maria in Traspontina* in the Borgo Nuovo. In this head church of the Carmelites Rome shows a generous spirit, for the picture venerated over the High Altar is a copy of *La Santa Bruna* of Naples.

10th. *S Maria in Campo Marzo*, in the Piazza della Stelletta. The picture is said to be of oriental origin, later miraculously beautified.

11th. *S Andrea della Fratte*, near the Spanish Steps. Picture : *Maria Ssma del Miracolo*. This is where the Jew Ratisbon saw his vision and was given the light of the Faith.

12th. *S Maria in Cosmedin*. Picture : *Theotokos*. When Fr Fletcher of the Ransom Guild and Fr Wrigglesworth of King's Lynn wanted to revive devotion to Our Lady of Walsingham (in the days before the Priory Seal was found) they copied this picture, choosing it because the church was the titular of Cardinal Pole, and thus a link with pre-Reformation English Catholicism. The sub-station is in the Visitation Convent, Via Galla Placidia, and the picture there is a copy of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

13th. *S Maria della Consolazione*, on the south side of the Forum. The church backs on to the hospital where St Aloysius caught his last illness.

14th. *S Maria in Via Lata* in the Corso. Picture : *Fonte di Luce*. This is one of the seven said to have been painted by St Luke, here where St Paul is traditionally held to have said Mass.

15th. *SS Cosmas and Damian*, at the Forum end of the Via Cavour. Picture : *S Maria della Salute*.

16th. *S Maria della Luce*. Picture : *Al Cuore Amabilissimo*. The pilgrim must find the church behind S Crisogono. The picture is in a side chapel ; the prayer to be said before it is for purity of thought, word and deed.

17th. *S Maria ai Monti*. This is hard by the Colosseum, and contains the body of St Benedict Joseph Labre. The picture includes the two deacons, SS Stephen and Lawrence, and the two Friars, SS Francis and Bonaventure.

18th. *Il Nome di Maria*. The church is in Trajan's Forum, and the picture is no less magnificent than its title. It is reputed to be St Luke's, and has no less than twelve frames and contains over a dozen cherubs. It was formerly venerated in the chapel



*Sancta Sanctorum* (at the head of the *Scala Santa*), and was crowned by the Vatican Chapter in 1703. The prayer to be said here is that of St Paschal Baylon for times of tribulation.

19th. *S Lorenzo in Damaso*. Picture: *Concezione Immacolata*. The picture looks old, so the title may have been added later. There is a rival in the church, a modern Madonna of Pompei.

20th. *S Maria della Pace*. The church is behind *S Maria del' Anima* off the Navona. Over the altar is a miraculous picture of Our Lady, brought from the wall of a neighbouring tavern in the fifteenth century. The story goes that a ruffian, in a fit of anger at losing in a game, hurled a dagger at the holy picture, whence blood was seen to flow.

21st. *S Agostino*. Two images: *Ssma Vergine del Parto*, whom we invoke before examinations, and the *Virgo Virginum et Mater Omnium*, a Greek picture from Constantinople.

22nd. *S Maria sopra Minerva*. Picture: *Mater Misericordiae* (*Madonna del Rosario*). The picture is old, the Divine Child has the globe of sway over all the earth. The whole fittingly illustrates the triumph of our Blessed Lady over the pagan goddesses: Minerva is remembered only as a name, and because of a fortuitous association with this spot where the Queen of Heaven reigns.

23rd. *SS Dominic and Sixtus*. The picture has gone to the Dominican convent on Monte Mario.

24th. *S Maria della Pietà*, in the Piazza Colonna. The sub-station is at Our Lady of the Sacred Heart (formerly *S Giacomo*).

25th. *S Pietro in Montoro* on the Janiculum. Picture: *Madonna della Sacra Lettera*. The image was on a wall at the foot of the slope at one time, but the press of those wishing to venerate it compelled Pope Clement XI to have it transferred to its present more fitting site.

26th. *S Alfonso* in the Via Merulana. Picture: *Our Lady of Perpetual Succour*. This is perhaps the best known picture of our Blessed Lady throughout the world.

27th. *St Mary Magdalen*. The picture in the church, which is in the Via della Maddelena, is of the *Salus Infirmorum*. An appropriate title for the Madonna that decorates the church, where St Camillus lies in the room above. The sub-station is the picture of the *Regina Prophetarum*, in St George's in the Piazza di Spagna.



28th. The *Gesù*. Picture: *Madonna della Strada*. The Madonna is in a neat little chapel at the far end of the church. The custom is to invoke Our Lady of the Wayside when setting out on a journey. The sub-station is at S Maria della Scala in Trastevere.

29th. *S Maria della Concezione*, off the *Piazza Barberini*. This is the church of the Capuchins. The picture: *S Maria della Speranza*. They will indicate a vast *Immacolata* over the High Altar, but I think this has taken the place of a more ancient picture with the first name.

30th. *S Giacomo in Augusta* at the far end of the Corso. There is a hospital for incurables here, much visited by St Philip himself.

31st. *Chiesa Nuova*. Picture: *Regina Angelorum*. The month ends with this small oval picture, '*antica e prodigiosa*', in a magnificent setting behind the High Altar in St Philip's own church.

As he makes his journey, many things will strike the pilgrim about the various shrines. The ancient pictures have a grace and beauty not so noticeable in their modern counterparts, but maybe these too will improve with time. The ancient images stand high in the order of grace, if not always of art. A great many of the shrines have been the scenes of wonderful favours at one epoch or another; they span the ages for us, enveloping us, so to speak, in the Catholicism that is Rome's. At the same time, the modern ones show that the Church is a living organism, not a mere museum piece. The multiplicity of the shrines is in part accounted for by the influence through the centuries of so many of the great Orders of the Church. Men of each age and from all over the world have venerated these images. Now there is talk of 'starting' again this devotion of the visits in the Marian Year. To revive it would be a splendid thing; meanwhile he who intends to visit the shrines privately should be warned that it will mean work, and a reasonable amount of planning. One or two of the very old chapels may be closed. Certainly, the round of visits will not be completed in one month, or even two. But it will be worth the trouble, and will be a source of pleasure to Our Lady.

ANTHONY HULME.



## RUMINATIONS OF A MUSICAL AMATEUR

There is a story of a man who was listening to Beethoven's Ninth Symphony for the first time, and after a bar or two of the scherzo burst out laughing. It is the kind of story that you do not recall too often, because you cannot help feeling a twinge of envy; why should he have seen the joke straight away, when you need to have it explained to you in a programme note? This is understandable, but it would be a mistake to draw the conclusion that failure to laugh or cry at suitable places shows an inability to appreciate Beethoven. For that would be to assume that what might be called our musical feelings are just like our ordinary feelings. We speak so readily of a gay tune, of being cheered up by some song, that you might expect it to be the same kind of gaiety or cheerfulness as comes from good news or good company. But would you be right in thinking that?

Consider a piece of 'nostalgic' music: The slow movement of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, perhaps. We get a feeling of nostalgia. Yet we are not in fact homesick. It is not unlike the position of a child who says 'I wish, I wish, I wish!' without being able to name anything he would in fact like to do; only with us the vague longing has enough character to merit the description of being nostalgic. Compare with this another piece which by its associations for us really does fill us with regret for a long-lost time or place; the music itself may be gay enough, but the pang it causes is unmistakable. Here we have real nostalgia, which is, however, extrinsic to the music. In what does it differ from that Mendelssohnian nostalgia? Not only is



it somewhat distressing, whereas the other is even pleasant (if you like that kind of thing), but it is referred to a particular past experience, whereas purely musical nostalgia seems to refer to nothing at all.

Does this mean that to enjoy music is simply to wallow in feelings for their own sake? It is an unwelcome suggestion, and perhaps reasons can be found for rejecting it. It would lead you to expect that if an object could be supplied for musical feelings, they would at once acquire the characteristics of ordinary ones. But that does not in fact seem to happen. Take the case of a man, a Catholic and a lover of Bach, who hears a German choir singing a fine chorale. He is strongly moved immediately, although he cannot yet make out the words. Later he recognizes it as belonging to the St Matthew Passion, and he remembers the opening line 'O Sacred Head Ill-used'. Now that his feelings are no longer without an object they may well become even more poignant. But this new state of affairs is by no means the same as merely having a feeling in respect of an object, nor even the same as having it aroused by some music which happens to recall the object to his mind. For in the present case the music still has a central place in his consciousness; his feelings are still the kind of feelings he had before he remembered the words. In fact the new element in the situation is less the addition of an object (as though it had obtruded itself from outside) than its having at last appeared clearly after being hitherto vague and undefined. In other words the object has been specified, but it was there in a general way already.

Thus we arrive at the idea of a kind of universal object for the feelings aroused by music: joyful music makes us happy not about nothing at all but about everything that ever could make a man happy. (Incidentally the possibility that it makes us happy about the music itself is excluded as soon as we reflect that sad music does not make us sad about the music, for we are still happy about that and glad to listen to it.) To speak of universal objects sounds mysterious, but it is no more than an application of Aristotle's remark that drama is of the universal, whereas history is of the particular. Moreover, this terminology throws light on what happens when the Bach chorale becomes 'O Sacred Head Ill-used': the object of the feelings is specified, but not so as to exclude their universal applicability. The particular is seen in the light of the universal. To achieve this vision is not the least of the functions of the arts, and it is worth



while trying to grasp it a little more clearly. Its root is perhaps to be found in sympathy, if the word is understood in a wide sense: our ability to feel that we share in the problems and destinies of other people and even of animals and the rest of the world. In approaching an individual problem or destiny, one can either retain this general perspective, this sense of a community, or lose it, finding oneself fumbling and alone. Now in the case of the current experiences of real life there is always a tendency to lose the perspective either on account of the pressing need of deciding what to do, or because of the frustration of being able to do nothing. But when they are in the past, or in the imagination, then there is a better chance of their being savoured at the warm temperature of sympathy. Thus in spite of Aristotle we must say that even historians find something of the universal; otherwise they would not be interesting. But the man who seeks the universal almost of set purpose is the storyteller, the artist. Homer describes the journey of Odysseus as though it really happened, but the incidents are all the time specially designed to arouse our sympathy, so that we realize that that is how we ourselves should have felt in the same situation. It is not for nothing that the hero of the medieval Mystery Play is Everyman; the name calls attention to a factor which, although here consciously emphasized, is present in all drama. Again, the painter, say Van Gogh with his flowers, is not primarily recording this or that flower, but bringing out with the greatest possible intensity some aspect of flowers that will evoke a whole tract of our experience. Thus the universal that is uncovered by the artist is by no means a kind of highest common factor: that way is the direction of the sciences. Still less is it a pure essence existing we know not where. It is rather a feeling for the world as something in which we all have a share, a grasp of its meaning which is somehow communicated in the single object which is the work of art. There is no escape from the difficulties of trying to generalize about the arts, but if we want some general picture of a work of art we could do worse than think of a Leibnitzian monad, which is quite independent yet reflects all the rest of the cosmos. Is this to stir yet another ingredient into a mixture of metaphors already over-rich? No doubt it would have been easy to interpret Aristotle's dictum in terms of the merely typical. But that would have left unanswered the question of why we should be interested in the typical, why we should find it illuminating.



Anyhow, did not 'the universal' for Aristotle still convey something of the Platonic Idea—that quintessence, that ideal (in the modern sense) of which everything in the world fell short? Otherwise he would have been making drama so much like the sciences that his readers could be forgiven if they were to go back to their history books for good.

To return to the Bach chorale. We can already see how much is left unsaid if sacred music is described simply as a means of arousing our feelings. For even before it is recognized as sacred it can raise them to a level where our private concerns are not indeed forgotten but transcended. The Passion chorale has already expanded us to a kind of universal pity when we come later on to think of the one Person on Whom it could never be overspent. All music can heighten our awareness of the underlying pattern of things; religious music, when understood as such, helps to bring out new dimensions in the same pattern. In fact, would it be too much to say that music tends to make the distinction between the religious and the non-religious difficult to apply? It is the same with the other arts. The standpoint often has affinities with that of natural religion. When a B.B.C. interviewer asked Henri Matisse, who had just finished murals in a convent chapel, how he had felt in tackling a sacred subject for the first time, the reply was: 'for the artist all subjects are sacred'.

Perhaps these conclusions seem far-fetched, based as they are largely on a rather special example. Not all music reaches the heights of the St Matthew Passion. But surely music itself reminds us that the ridiculous has a meaning as well as the sublime. Indeed, being spread out in time and not in space it can juxtapose the two without damage to either. Beethoven of course is the great exponent of this. Even that Ninth Symphony scherzo, with its Olympian humour, has a trio whose second melody soars in the rarified air of the slow movement. After all, it was Beethoven's neighbour in the room below who complained of water coming through the ceiling: he had been composing the *Missa Sollemnis* and pouring water over his head without the precaution of a basin. Again, even the most homely kinds of music have a completeness, a sense of balance and of being rounded off at the end which they pass on to the emotions evoked by them in the listener. A simple tune for dancing can already give us an inkling of what a permanently satisfying experience would be like. Although so transient it



can offer some fulfilment to our fundamental urge to wholeness.

But let us push our enquiry a stage further. It does not seem enough to have accounted for our response to music simply in terms of our feelings, even though these feelings appear to be of a special kind, whose objects we have labelled as 'universal'. I am not thinking now of the formal or structural aspects with their largely intellectual appeal, but of what one is tempted to call a moral quality in music. It is not quite the same as something a little more obvious—the personal quality. The music of Schubert or Brahms, for instance, seems to give a strong impression, if we reflect on it, that we have been in contact with a warm personality, whereas Palestrina and Bach, while in no sense cold or impersonal, concentrate rather on an area of experience that is beyond personal relationships as we regularly understand them. Yet the moral quality that I am trying to point out is present even more in the work of the latter two composers than in Schubert's or Brahms's. It is the more difficult to isolate in that our notions of beauty, personality and moral goodness tend to coalesce as soon as we reflect on them; we speak of beauty of character, and would it not be narrow and a little Kantian to deny that the generosity of an open personality is morally good? But the very interconnection of these conceptions shows that it is not absurd to find something like moral goodness in a human work that must anyhow be described as in some sense personal. Indeed, when the categories of sensuous beauty and personal communication have been exhausted, what other analogy can be reasonably invoked? However, whether these categories are in fact exhausted from the description of music must be decided by experience alone. An obvious starting point would be our use of the word 'noble' to describe a piece of music, but it would lead too easily to a useless search for particular moral qualities, courage, loyalty, and so on. Hence it is better to be on the look-out for an awareness of moral goodness in general. Perhaps some of Bach's slow movements are among the most convincing examples: sheer beauty of sound is there, but it is not the whole tale; after that we may either say that the personal element is not very marked, so that we find ourselves seeking an analogy in the way that physical beauty is surpassed by moral beauty, or we may prefer to speak of a personal communication on a level much higher than where it is usually found. In the latter



case it would still be hard to exclude moral goodness from the description. Or take some of the passages in Beethoven which suggest stress and struggle. Surely it is some moral conflict we think of ; or, to recur to the close relation between all these things, is there any serious human conflict altogether devoid of moral issues ? And Beethoven's music is nothing if not serious, or at least serio-comic, and richly human.

All this raises the old problem of absolute values in art. How can anyone claim to recognize even the feelings we were considering before, let alone these moral values, when others find that they do not recognize them or even make any sense of the music in question at all ? Perhaps the beginnings of an answer will appear if we think of some of the ways in which music resembles and differs from language. It is not easy for someone who appreciates the more developed kinds of music to recall the time when such music was largely incomprehensible to him ; but if he can recapture how it gradually clarified (especially in the case of music having several independent parts), he may notice that it was not unlike the way in which a foreign language is gradually understood better and better. At first only a few words are grasped ; later, the general gist of what is being said ; finally, every word. The same man may still find that through lack of experience he cannot understand contemporary music very well. Is music, then, like what we commonly regard language to be, a network of conventional signs ? To support such a view it could be suggested with some plausibility that we can name the qualities of a piece of music, sadness, gaiety, nostalgia, and the like, only because of associations with similar music where the words of a song or perhaps a title gave a hint quite extrinsic to the music itself. All music, it might be maintained, is either song, or song without words, and the only key to its interpretation is the words that conventionally go with this or that type of music. There seems to be a grain of truth in this. For if you wanted to learn to appreciate some type of oriental music, you would surely be right in asking 'what words are they singing ?' or 'is this what they regard as cheerful music, or is it a dirge ?' However, against such a theory of conventions as the sole basis of music, can be set the fact that it depends on fairly simple mathematical ratios between vibrations, and on the degree of pleasure taken by the ear in experiencing them. Just how discordant or concordant a complex sound appears to us will depend on its



musical context (which includes *other* pieces of music of the same period), but the long series of combinations running from unison to octave and on to chaos is something given, like the spectrum. Dare we conclude, then, that music is a system of purely natural signs? Hardly. It may be the case that a baby knows the meaning of his mother's smile and frown straight away, without any inferences from her treatment of him. But music is not like that. We take time to learn to understand it. Moreover, there undoubtedly are conventions, especially, perhaps, over what is and what is not important. Remember the Chinese listener who went to a concert of European music for the first time, and applauded as soon as the orchestra had finished tuning up. Music is more like a handshake. From one standpoint this is an arbitrary gesture; rubbing noses is just as apt. Yet once the convention has been adopted, it can become, because we naturally express ourselves through our bodies, the vehicle of any amount of affection and regard.

It may seem that to speak of high moral qualities in music presupposes the presence of the same qualities in the lives of its composers, and these might be harder to discover. But all that is presupposed is some kind of acute awareness of moral values. Nor need this awareness be on any level other than the musical. The artist is a man with a vision to communicate, and he usually sees only with the eyes of his own medium. The question of where he gets his vision from is beyond our scope, but it is already clear that the moral quality in music is more akin to the moral ideals of the composer than to his moral achievements. The legendary story of some hero need not tell you much of the behaviour of the people who hand it down, but it will probably show you some of the values that they hold dear. Thus we need not be surprised if a work of superlative moral beauty and significance is produced by one who appears to be no saint. Indeed, we seem to be approaching a conclusion parallel to what we discovered about the element of feeling in music. The moral qualities are not those of any individual; they are universal. Here again it is necessary to avoid too many of the Aristotelian and Platonic implications of 'universal', but it is easier to do so in the present context. For the composer need not begin with any abstract notions of moral goodness; it is already embodied in his musical inspiration, and he has as little need to analyse the latter under various aspects as he has



to enquire into its sources. On the other hand, you do not have to postulate any separate world of Ideas to which the composer has access. It would be better to speak of some area of his own being, not fully under the eye of consciousness, where the daily requirements of here and now can exert no pressure. Within the listener too, there must be a similar area, in virtue of which he can respond to the moral aspect of the musical communication. This, perhaps, is the place that is sensitive to

‘music heard so deeply

That it is not heard at all, but you are the music  
While the music lasts.’<sup>1</sup>

But just as the composer does not necessarily possess the moral excellence of his music, so the listener does not acquire it simply by listening; he merely has that within him which can appreciate it. Yet this appreciation is so much more intimate than an observation from outside that ‘you are the music While the music lasts’. Thus it is tempting to suggest that whereas this area of creativity and receptivity cannot be identified with oneself, music can bring about a kind of temporary fusion. But that would give rise to further questions.

NIGEL COLLINGWOOD.

<sup>1</sup> T. S. Eliot, *The Dry Salvages*.



## ROMANESQUE

55—'WATER'

One man's meat is another man's poison, and each person will have his favourite way of bringing the New Man to Rome. But it will be difficult to find a better way than the train journey: by road for instance you get too much of Italy to enjoy the first piquancy of Rome; by air, on the other hand, there is too little to prepare you for it. The train journey is just right, with maybe one night in Italy on the way. And of all train journeys the best introduction for a First Year Man is the one by the Southern Sea, the train running in and out of the little tunnels as if the coastline were part of a vast fair-ground, and the journey were to the Enchanted Cavern. The sense of enchantment is heightened by the constant surprise of the sun-sparkled sea: a perfect setting of jewels. In this way, naturally and imperceptibly, your New Man is introduced to that great element in his Roman life: Water. He will find it in every shape and form, it will be his friend and his foe, will spoil his gitas—but not often, and will give him Short Bells—but not often enough.

It is as well that his introduction to this element is so pleasant, because he will have to endure water in less pleasant forms. If he is a wag, he will be in danger of being thrown into the Tank, or if he is a tough, human respect may drive him into it long before nature has prepared the temperature for physically lesser wights, who will not fail to goad him on with references to Tradition and St Gregory's. At the Villa he may lose his foothold in a scrimmage and slide into the fountain, whose depths may contain tins and oddments worthy of a well-appointed building site. Some surprises, however,



may be more consoling. One student was taken aside by a Bank manager renowned in his own circle as a European traveller, and warned never, never, never to drink water in Rome. It was indeed a pleasure to find that Acqua Vergine was the best drinking water in the world. Had the bank manager been a little more Bellocian one might have suspected him of having in mind the praise of the Castelli wine. But without derogating from the praise of wine it can be said that great quantities of water are enjoyably consumed in summer. Not that they should be mixed, as is the lamentable custom of a



'will spoil his gitas'

sister College: this is no way to pacify the *Lares and Penates* of your Roman home. The Romans themselves know how to preserve the distinction as we may see from the saying which refers to Monday's great dish of rissotto: '*Si nasce con acqua, si mangia con vino*'.

The notion of water will be ever-abiding, always round the corner, but unobtrusive as a thread that runs through a tapestry. In the Via Monserrato there will be the daily battle to make the *camerieri* give ample measure in the room jug, and trips to replenish it. There will be other battles occasionally over taps which some mechanical demon has made to drip. There will be baths—and a Bathman. Never again, perhaps, will any notice on the Common Room board achieve such a



distinction as the one proclaiming that 'because of the Boiler Situation, last Sunday's baths which should have been the previous Thursday and were postponed until Saturday, will not be available on Monday but will take the place of Wednesday's baths on Tuesday'. Not far from the boilers is the garden, which contains not only the Tank, but also the goldfish pond, with its own part to play in our spiritual life: the Retreat might or might not be better without this liquid aid to meditation—it would assuredly be other than it is.

To leave the House is not to leave Sister Water. As we turn into the Farnese we meet the ubiquitous fountain, the joy of the local *ragazzi* in the summer, but the hallmark of the Roman street in all weathers. Turn where you will in the City, the fountain is not far away. Some are magnificent, some merely large (but if you came by train you knew that almost at once), some exquisite, some merely small; all add that little something to the basic notion. A Roman fountain has a way of knowing what is wanted of it—even to the extent of providing souvenirs for the Yanks (though the tortoises are back now



'some merely large'

that the post-war is over). The Trevi went dry when paper money came in, but you could still throw your lire in to guarantee your return, and the *ragazzi* could still scrap for it as they did for coins in former times—and again to-day now that coins are coming back.

Fountains are a subject in themselves, and there are many other varieties of water to be met with in a walk through the streets. Take that shop over there with its miniature aquaria on sale: compare the prosaic goldfish of Preston or Plymouth



with these denizens of the deep : minute swordfish, creatures of many shapes and colours. Some of the attractive qualities, true enough, are only make-up ; yet there is subject here for a whole discourse on an aspect of Mediterranean civilization. A shop near the Golden Gate makes its own rain—coursing down the inside of the shop window to keep the flowers fresh whatever may be outside. Water nearly always bounds in the streets—in the afternoon in the Campo, for instance, it is everywhere : a swilling-down process has covered all whilst the College said its prayers and dined. As a student you are not likely to see the washing actually in operation, any more than you are to see the stalls fold themselves up and steal away like tented Arabs. You return from a morning's lectures, and an eastern bazaar of buying and selling is in full swing : you sally forth in the afternoon, and all that permanency of commerce is as if it had never been. After all this extravagance, an encounter with the drip in the tunnel seems to betray an unusual reticence for water in Rome.

For the Bricker there is plenty of entertainment. Apart from the Lost Waters of Rome—whose presence may have frightened the excavators out of completing the underground railway—water is beneath us everywhere in the City. A pine-cone in the Vatican Gardens or two peacocks in bronze in the galleries will be decorations of an earlier fountain in the atrium of old St Peter's. Near St Paul's also are more relics of the channelling of water in days gone by. At Tre Fontane the very piety of devotees is expressed in the flow of water, the inscription reading : *'La Società della Acqua Antica Maria dona il flusso di quest'acqua potabile 1951 . . . La ditta di Elettricita Flli Mangelli e C. dona l'illuminazione di questa fontana'*. The road nearby is called very naturally : *Via di Acqua Salvi*. Of pagan baths we have ruins but little other notice. Aqueducts, on the other hand, are all-pervading. Before leaving the City let us look at the one in the Vatican. The Papal apartments are fed by the Aqua Damasiana with its spring at S. Antonino, twelve hundred yards west of St Peter's. The aqueduct of Pope Damasus is neatly built in the old Roman style ; the channel is four feet nine inches high and over three feet wide. It has a fountain in the Cortile of the same name.

They say there is one spot in the City where four roads diverge, and each one takes you in the direction of the Tiber. The river is the City's lung, but this is only one of the many



functions it performs in the life of the citizens. This is the place to go for your evening walk, the place for bathing, and even sculling has been known on its waters. For further amusement there is the huge net, perpetually dipping under water and circling out: the true Roman is never tired of watching it—



—one day it might catch something'

one day it might catch something. Can it be that since the days of the gargantuan feast when the gold plate after use was thrown into the river no risk is being taken . . . ? This would make a parallel with the punishment of Tantalus or Sisyphus. The river can become menacing, but even that gives the Romans an interest, watching as the waters rise nearer and nearer the hole in the Ponte Sisto: who has not some memory of the water gushing through the hole in the bridge at least once in his course? A simple thing, this, but simple things mean a good deal to a Roman.

As we move gradually out of the City water still abounds. The fountain in the suburbs may be a country one that the march of increasing population has caught unawares and made captive, surrounded by bricks and concrete. Pitchers that might have come out of the Land of Jordan are brought to these



fountains, from houses that have not yet been destroyed by the new flats with their modern plumbing. The family washing is still done in great tubs standing by the roadside, no matter how uncongenial the background is becoming, and we realize that we are not very far from the Campagna. Now we meet the Aqueducts again. On a walking gita we don't go far before we see the arch spanning the road ahead. One of the party will dart forward, and you can soon tell from his expression whether he has found an inscription which informs us that this is the work of his favourite Pope, a work of restoration, or maybe the brickwork of an older arch. Rome is surrounded by 'dripping' arches : the Arch of Drusus is one ('*ad guttam aquae*'), the Arch out by the Via Appia another.

Finally we reach the Villa. The fountain we have mentioned honourably already, and there is the Tank as well. But water has many other aspects here. Recall the tomatoes shooting up as they are watered : the husbandman (maybe Alfredo to you) making his canals for irrigation ; matter here for reflection as a recent Retreat Father has spotted. The torrential rain in the Albans can wash away not only a tennis court, but any trace of there having been one, so that the Committee could argue in the following year as to where exactly it had been. Not only tennis suffered ; the *pozzolana* cricket pitch was gone too. Look at that stretch of water they so inadequately call Lake Albano : a mystery on sullen days, a very glory of the heavens on bright days, and always a thing of magic.

On every hand then, water is the background of the Roman course. It will begin with the distinction between *acqua potabile* and *acqua non potabile*, and it should end with the one between Acqua Vergine and Acqua Marcia, even if this involved getting into a specimen of each. After all, anyone should be able to tell the difference between the Roman Tank and the Villa one. If we want to get down to principles, even the Gregorian is prepared to take water as a serious theological entity. It fell to the lot of certain students of Morals to hear a learned professor pose the question : '*Quid sit aqua ?*' and after half an hour of hair-splitting argument—and mind you a feast of dialectical delight—he concluded that eau de cologne was not water, neither was beer, but that there was one unshakeable proposition confirmed on all sides : '*Aqua est aqua*'.



# NOVA ET VETERA

## ROMAN ASSOCIATION ANNUAL MEETING, 7TH AND 8TH JUNE 1954

The eighty-fifth annual meeting took place at Nottingham, with Dr Avery in the Chair. There were present at lunch seventy members and four guests, including His Lordship the Bishop of Menevia.

The chief business discussed concerned Burses, the Martyrs' Association, assistance to the College, election of Officers, and date of the next meeting.

There will again be no scholarship examination for entrance to the College in 1955. When the Association and Gray burses, now paying at the old full rate, are vacated, we shall be in a much sounder position.

The collection for the Martyrs' Association last year realized £90. It is hoped to have the final version of a prayer to Blessed Ralph Sherwin ready by December. The Martyrs' Association showed a membership of 1,200, many of which involve whole families. These facts were given in a report prepared by Fr Tierney.

Letters from the Rector to the Secretary concerning serious post-war needs of the College were read to the Meeting. Immediate post-war repairs and restoration to fabric, and longer-term projects of modernization are the essential points. A sub-committee with powers to act was set up forthwith.

The next meeting will be at Blackpool. After much discussion it was decided to revert for next year to the customary dates of some years ago, and hold it on 23rd and 24th May.

Fr W. Boulton is our next President. Mgr Redmond was elected to succeed him on the Council. The Rev. P. Clark, the Rev. G. Higgins PH.D., the Rev. J. Howe D.D., and the Rev. L. W. Jones D.D., were all re-elected.

A telegram of welcome was despatched to the new Apostolic Delegate.

The meeting then closed.

J. MOLLOY, *Secretary*.



## APPEAL

As this issue of *THE VENERABLE* goes to press, the welcome news has reached me of the success of the Roman Association appeal for the needs of the College. I would like to take this early opportunity of thanking all those who have contributed so generously. It is a great encouragement to see this further evidence of the loyalty and affection which the old students maintain for the College. In the next number I hope to give a more detailed report of the work of restoration which has been carried out since the war, and also of the essential work which yet remains to be done. In recent years, Cardinal Hinsley, Archbishop Godfrey and, as far as post-war conditions would allow, Mgr Macmillan have done great work for the College. I feel it a duty, not only to the past and present students but also to the memory of our Martyrs and to England itself to employ every effort to continue the work. I know it is the wish of all, that this historic spot in the Via Monserrato, dedicated for six centuries to English Catholicism, should preserve a dignity in the Eternal City befitting our National College and the shrine of the Martyrs of the Venerable.

RECTOR.

VIRGILIAN LIDO (*ÆNEID* vii, 29-33)

And here Æneas from the main beholds  
 The long wide wood and Tiber's pleasant stream  
 Tawny with sands and eddies reach the sea,  
 While all around, above, from every side,  
 Trees, shores, and skies resound with song of birds.

H. E. G. ROPE.

## THE VENERABLE THIRTY YEARS AGO

EXTRACT FROM 'THE VENERABLE', VOL. II, OCT. 1924 (p. 83)

'This year's greatest work is the transformation of the Rector's Corridor. The dangerous condition of the vaults supporting the ceiling of the 'Bishop's Room', which threatened to collapse and carry with them the two floors above, demanded immediate attention. This necessity gave the opportunity for putting into operation a plan for the transfer of the living rooms from the noisy 'Monserrato' to the relatively quiet cortile side, where three new rooms have been made for the accommodation of Bishops and other guests. Those who have attempted to sleep in the former rooms and experienced 'Monserrato's din' will appreciate the change. A salone now occupies the street side and will be used as a lounge by visitors, and as a meeting place by the Debating and other Societies of the College.'



## COLLEGE DIARY

JANUARY 7th *Thursday*.

*'Desiccation of the world of sense,  
Evacuation of the world of fancy,  
Inoperancy of the world of spirit.'*

—in other words the Christmas festivities are over. Fortunately, Thursday is free of lectures anyway and so we were afforded time and opportunity to recuperate from what has come to be known as 'the Christmas strain'. The ceremony of taking down the Christmas cards in one's own room represented in miniature a process which was taking place on a much larger scale in the Refectory and Common Room. The latter, now that the stage and decoration have been removed, has once again recovered its pristine purity of line, while on the walls prelates and *porporati* vie with each other in their joy at having regained their traditional niches.

In the evening a reception was held in the College in honour of His Grace Archbishop Godfrey.

9th *Saturday*. Would that my name were Mohammed. But why this sudden outburst? For those who haven't guessed already, the letter for this year's exams is M.

During supper we were given a pleasant surprise when the Rector rose to announce that the Holy Father had been pleased to appoint Archbishop Godfrey an Assistant at the Pontifical Throne in recognition of his work as the first Apostolic Delegate to Great Britain. The Rector added that it was fitting that His Grace should receive the honour during his stay at the College where he had been both student and Rector, and where he had received his Episcopal Consecration some fifteen years ago.

10th *Sunday*. His Grace Archbishop Godfrey left this morning, and with him went our sincere prayers and good wishes in his new responsibilities.

Cribbing (as it is called) is still a popular pastime with the more energetic afternoon walkers. We visited the *presepio* at St Robert



Bellarmino's—surely amongst the best in Rome. Unfortunately, the musical instruments of the celestial choir are beginning to reveal their aeonic age, while one of the perennial ducklings, without displaying any of the more normal signs of anatine senility, has nevertheless sprung a leak since we last saw it twelve months ago.

11th *Monday*. His Grace was followed to-day by Fr Paul Clark who flew home this afternoon undeterred by the sad news of yesterday's plane crash off the island of Elba.

12th *Tuesday*. Queen Victoria came to lunch for the first time this Year and introduced us to her new Poet Laureate, Lord Tennyson. By the end of the meal, however, the noble bard was no longer with us, having died (as Her Majesty informs us) 'with his hand on his Shakespeare'.

The new collecting-box for offerings towards the completion of the College Chapel has arrived. A wit suggests that we can now confidently look forward to a glass of red wine when the expense of the box has been covered.

13th *Wednesday*. 'What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason . . .' In the morning, Public Disputations at the Gregorian. Next, passing from the sublime to the—well, not quite so sublime—we must record the rugby match against Lazio at Acqua Acetosa. We lost 6—3.

14th *Thursday*. Do you know that, thanks to a wet afternoon, it was possible to put in nine and a half hours study to-day? '*Dole, propone, etc.*'

18th *Monday*. Feast of St Peter's Chair at Rome. St Peter's looked at its best to-day. The candle-studded Altar of the Chair, the beams of sunlight which pierced the air above the Sanctuary and came to rest on the statue of some Holy Founder high up in his lofty niche, indeed the whole atmosphere of the occasion conspired to stamp the scene upon one's memory. I was sad to leave, but as I did so I could not help thinking of a remark the Organist had made while showing some of us over the new organ: '*Tutto questo*' (indicating a section that was still unfinished) '*è provvisorio ; ma San Pietro è eterno.*'

19th *Tuesday*. 'O, what men dare do! What men may do! What men daily do, not knowing what they do!'—and to-day some men (to wit, Second Year Theology) dared the rest of the House to a game of Soccer. Despite several (very) potential stars in the ranks of the challengers, they succumbed to only slightly superior enemy odds, the final score being 3—1 in favour of the Rest.

21st *Thursday*. *Arrivederci* to Dr Cunningham who left to-day. It was very fitting that the College should have been represented at the blessing of the lambs at Sant'Agnese this morning, seeing that some of the wool to be shorn from the two *agnelli* is destined to be borne in the form of pallia on the shoulders of two of our English Metropolitans. The two provinces of Liverpool and Birmingham were represented by three students



(all, however, from Suffragan Sees) who, vested in white cottas, stationed themselves in the closest proximity to the altar—being in fact as near to the snow-white quadrupeds as was the pontificating Bishop himself.

23rd *Saturday*. The O.N.D. were conspicuous by their absence at lunch to-day. At first we thought they might be celebrating the feast of the one and only canonized canonist in the Church's calendar, but we were later informed that they were guiding fifty sailors from the British Mediterranean Fleet. If we can assume the veracity of the well-known story about St Raymond of Penafort, may we not suggest that he would make an admirable Patron for sailors as well?

24th *Sunday*. To supper Wing-Commander Robert Grant-Ferris who afterwards addressed the Literary Society on the Knights of Malta, of which Order he is a distinguished member.

25th *Monday*. Probably the coldest morning so far this winter—the thermometer registering nine degrees below zero, and the Farnese fountains fringed with icicles for the first time in five years. *Ad frigidiora!*

Mgr Carroll-Abbing came to lunch.

29th *Friday*. One of the professors at the Gregorian paused for a minute or two during his lecture to allow his hearers a little *riposo*. Need I add that some had already anticipated this concession long before it had been granted?

31st *Sunday*. The College provided the *assistenza* and schola for Pontifical High Mass sung by Archbishop Traglia at Santa Maria in Campitelli, the occasion being a Solemn Triduum in preparation for the Feast of the Purification. As we came away we were greeted with newspaper headlines announcing the resignation of yet another Italian Government.

FEBRUARY 1st *Monday*. A most miserable day—cold, and with a continuous shower of drizzly rain. However, we were heartened by the thought that to-morrow

2nd *Tuesday* is the Feast of the Purification and so a Dies Non. In the morning the Rector sang High Mass and blessed the candles. Afterwards, accompanied by the Senior Student, he presented the traditional candle to Mgr Montini, Pro-Secretary of State, deputizing for His Holiness who unfortunately has been indisposed for the last few days.

It was an honour to welcome to lunch to-day Sir Douglas Howard, Her Majesty's newly appointed Minister to the Vatican. Other guests were a former Minister, Sir D'Arcy Osborne, the Military Attaché, Col Dessain, Mr Etherington-Smith, Mr Neville-Terry and Major Utley, together with an imposing array of ecclesiastical dignitaries, both secular and regular. The Madre provided us with an excellent *pranzone* to mark the occasion, after which we toasted His Excellency with a very sincere *Ad Multos Annos*. We hope to have the privilege of seeing him at the College many times during his tenure of office.

3rd *Wednesday*. End of the First Semester and so the '*omnis plausus vetatur*' rule was once again infringed. To-day being the Feast of St Blaise Fr Rope officiated as usual in the Martyrs' Chapel after supper.



15th *Friday*. First and Second Year Theology, bristling with mnemonical excommunications, departed for the annual Canon Law contest this morning. It seems that Bishops were the centre of attraction this year—the usual far-fetched cases concerning absolutions *in casu occulto* or entering the clausura of exempt religious. Judging from the variety of answers given, we think the correct solution must be 'disputatur'.

16th *Saturday*. A day gita with more than half the College patronizing Terminillo. I am not going to comment on the tall stories to be heard in the Common Room after supper.

17th *Sunday*. To supper Fr Joseph Gill S.J., who afterwards gave the Literary Society the benefit of his experiences in Greece. To-morrow lectures in Church History commence with a new professor rejoicing under the name of Fr Aegidius Papa.

18th *Thursday*. Feast of our Lady of Lourdes, and so the opportunity was taken to assemble all the seminarians of Rome at St Mary Major's where Cardinal Pizzardo celebrated Mass and preached. After the ceremony we had a wet journey back to the College, but this was more than compensated for by the glass of red wine at lunch to celebrate the Vice-Rector's tenth Ordination anniversary.

19th *Friday*. 6.00 Rain. 7.00 Rain. 8.00 Rain. 8.10 Slight rain and so lectures.

9.00 Rain. 10.00 Rain. 11.00 Rain. 11.10 No rain and so walk.

20th *Sunday*. Day of recollection with a conference given by the Rector. *Prosit* to our new clerics, Messrs Bourne, Short, Brewer, Inledon, Ashdowne, T. White, Brennan and Collingwood who received the Tonsure this morning from Bishop Gaetano Migniani.

To lunch an old friend of the College, Capt. Tom Morris.

21st *Tuesday* marks the second great step in the annals of the Bigger and Better Student Campaign (inaugurated in 1950 with the concession of the mid-morning morsel). The Rector, having consulted the views of the student body in the matter, has decided with effect from to-day to change the time of the afternoon walk from 3.15 to 3.30 in order to allow those who so wish (and who doesn't?) time and opportunity for a post-prandial siesta. As the Rector himself says: it is useless trying to make a man form a habit for one half of the year and then spending the other half in trying to break him of it. And so said all of us.

22nd *Wednesday*. To-day we had the honour of entertaining to lunch His Lordship Bishop Walsh of Aberdeen. The other guests were Frs Alfred and Ignatius C.P., Gogarty, Smith, Meechan and Lamb.

23rd *Friday*.

*'May the night never come, nor day be seen,  
When I shall scorn thy voice or mock thy mien!'*

—so wrote Wordsworth of the Owl. Obviously he had never made the acquaintance of the one in the College cortile.



21st *Sunday*. After an early supper we were shown our rather belated St David's Day film, *Roman Holiday*. (No, it was *not* about life in our sister College.) There were some excellent shots of the City, and here we might add that other places were recognized besides those of purely historical, academic or religious interest.

22nd *Monday*. Welcome to Fr Stanislaus Savage who unfortunately can only stay with us till Thursday. However, in spite of this on

24th *Wednesday*, he managed to find time to give us a most enjoyable talk on his experiences and impressions as an Army Chaplain of some fifteen years standing.

25th *Thursday*. If for some reason (do not ask exactly why) you had been standing in the Piazza di Spagna at 6.30 this morning, you would have seen a long crocodile of English College students ascending the Spanish Steps. The explanation of this spectacle was that we were making the first of several College pilgrimages to Roman shrines of our Lady, and this morning the object of our devotion was the *Mater Admirabilis* picture in the Convent of Santa Trinità dei Monti.

Congratulations to the English Rugby XV who gained a hard-earned 14—6 victory over Rugby Roma this afternoon.

27th *Saturday*. *Prosit* to Fr Rope who celebrates the thirty-ninth anniversary of his Ordination to-day.

28th *Sunday*.

### SHROVE CONCERT, 1954

#### 1 PIANO SOLO

Impromptu No. 3 ( <i>Schubert</i> )	Mr Collingwood
Moment Musical No. 5 ( <i>Schubert</i> )	

#### 2 PLAY

##### MAN OF DESTINY

(G. B. Shaw)

<i>Napoleon</i>	Mr Collier
<i>The Strange Lady</i>	Mr Philpot
<i>The Lieutenant</i>	Mr Russell
<i>Giuseppe (the Inn-keeper)</i>	Mr Ashdowne

Producer: Mr Kenny

#### 3 VOCAL SOLO

It's a Great Big Shame	Mr Bickerstaffe
Lily of Laguna	

#### 4 MONOLOGUE

The Magna Charter	Mr Crossling
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## 5 OPERA

## TRIAL BY JURY

A dramatic cantata in one act by Gilbert and Sullivan

<i>The Learned Judge</i>	Mr Broome
<i>The Plaintiff</i>	Mr Foulkes
<i>The Defendant</i>	Mr C. Murphy-O'Connor
<i>The Counsel for the Plaintiff</i>	Mr Curtis Hayward
<i>The Usher</i>	Mr Brewer
<i>The Foreman of the Jury</i>	Mr Turnbull
<i>The First Bridesmaid</i>	Mr McGuire
<i>The Gentlemen of the Jury</i>	Messrs B. Murphy-O'Connor, Travers, Doran, Mason, McNamara
<i>The Public, mainly kin to the Plaintiff</i>	Messrs T. V. Smith, Lighthound, Moakler, A. White, Udall
<i>The Bridesmaids</i>	Messrs Davis, Rand, Mooney, Steele
Pianist	Mr Higginson
Musical Director and Conductor	Mr Formby

The Opera produced by Mr Inledon

This evening's concert was indeed an enjoyable one. *Man of Destiny* was in many ways an experiment, for with the exception of *Saint Joan*—which is quite sui generis—it is a long time since Shaw was enacted on the College stage. *Trial by Jury*, on the other hand, turns up with almost cyclic regularity every few years and (according to those who have witnessed previous College performances) this evening's production was well in the traditional style. The singing of both principals and chorus contributed to a performance which held our attention right from the start—nor must we forget to make honourable mention of the producer who brought to his difficult task considerable originality and freshness of idea.

MARCH 1st *Monday*. A lovely day for a gita, and so the Terminillo fans got their money's worth of whatever they went for—and, for that matter, so did the cameratas that visited Veii, Ostia, Viterbo and, of course, the Villa.

2nd *Tuesday*. The fifteenth anniversary of the Holy Father's election, and his 78th birthday. The health of His Holiness (who was taken ill just over a month ago) continues to cause anxiety in many quarters, despite the reassuring bulletins which are issued periodically from the Vatican. The enormous amount of work which the present Holy Father shoulders must surely take its toll of his strength, and since he seems so loath even to lighten his burden, our concern must be the more acute. In the evening we attended a Solemn Triduum of intercession for the Holy Father at San Lorenzo.



3rd *Ash Wednesday*. And so the Penitential Season is with us again. The Rector blessed and distributed the ashes—a ceremony which always serves to emphasize the distinction between cleric and non-cleric.

4th *Thursday*. Fr Bernard Navin, Senior British Army chaplain in Germany, arrived today to spend a couple of days with us at the College.

5th *Friday*. A widely held belief that Doomsday would be heralded by the appearance of the second volume of Fr Zapelena's *De Ecclesia* was dispelled to-day when we found the long-awaited tome—it has been in the state of *proxime edetur* for the last twenty years—waiting to greet our arrival at the Gregorian. *Nunc dimittis . . .*

7th *Sunday*. This evening we had the privilege of entertaining to supper His Lordship Bishop O'Gara of Yuanling. Other guests were Frs Alfred and Bonaventure c.p. and Mr MacDonald. Afterwards His Lordship gave the Literary Society a long and graphic account of his experiences as a prisoner of the Chinese Reds.

12th *Friday. Feast of St Gregory*. This morning everybody willy-nilly made the journey to San Gregorio on foot thanks to a two hour strike of tram drivers and conductors. As usual we provided the *assistenza* and suitable polyphonics for Pontifical High Mass sung by the Abbot General, and as usual we enjoyed the *qualche cosa* which followed.

13th *Saturday. Prosit* to Mr Brian Murphy-O'Connor who received the Priesthood this morning from Archbishop Beretti at the Dodici Apostoli. Congratulations also to his brother, Cormac, and to Messrs Curtis Hayward and O'Connor who received the Tonsure. Before supper the new priest gave his first Benediction at the end of which we had the ceremony of the kissing of hands followed by the *Te Deum*.

14th *Sunday*. Mr Murphy-O'Connor sang his first Mass this morning ably assisted by his two brothers—the younger one, *omissis omittendis*, acting as Subdeacon. At lunch we extended our welcome to Dr and Fr Patrick Murphy-O'Connor and drank the health of the new priest. Afterwards coffee and liquori in the Common Room.

15th *Monday*. Just as the Church is always facing new problems so I suppose the professors at the Gregorian are always having to dub them with suitable Latin nomenclatures. However, the latest of these does not seem to have caused much difficulty for even the English College understood the Morals Professor when he started to treat of *de Bello Frigido* this morning.

18th *Thursday*. After meditation in the College we made the second of our Marian pilgrimages inside the walls. This time the Rector celebrated the Community Mass at Sant'Alfonso before the picture of our Lady of Perpetual Succour.

19th *Friday*. To-day has witnessed a large influx of former members of the Italian Alpine Regiment into Rome for the holding of one of their



periodic reunions. After attending Mass in St Peter's this morning, they assembled in the Square outside when, to the delight of all present, the Holy Father made a very brief appearance at his window and blessed the crowd. This was the Pope's first public appearance since the beginning of his recent illness from which he has still not made a complete recovery.

22nd *Monday*. '*Dichiara il vero*' is the caption on a new poster which has recently appeared depicting the figure of Italy guiding the hand of Mr Citizen as he makes out his income-tax return. Evidently human nature is the same all the world over.

25th *Thursday*. *Feast of the Annunciation*. Today all the Colleges of Rome watched for an hour before the Blessed Sacrament exposed at St Mary Major's. In the evening Archbishop Urbani preached a Holy Hour for all the Roman Clergy at the end of which the Cardinal Vicar gave Benediction.

28th *Laetare Sunday*. After supper we had as our mid-Lenten film *The River*. Several threats to throw the Film Man in the tank were heard during the performance. Surely the Tiber would have been more appropriate . . .

30th *Tuesday*. Station at San Lorenzo. The marble floor there seems to get harder as the years go by.

31st *Wednesday*. During the Marian Year each of the parishes of Rome is allotted a day on which to make its own pilgrimage to Santa Maria Maggiore. To-day San Lorenzo made its visit and in the morning we all attended High Mass sung by the Rector before the Madonna *Salus Populi Romani*. Afterwards photos were taken on the steps outside.

Our prayers and best wishes go with Fr Rope who entered the Blue Nuns to-day for treatment.

APRIL 1st *Thursday*. No one, I think, could accuse the College of being amiss in its devotions to our Lady during this year set aside in her honour. This morning Community Mass was celebrated at Santa Maria in Trastevere.

4th *Passion Sunday*. Was the purple that covered the statues and pictures in Church an omen or not? The Rector said he thought it was when he rose at lunch to announce that the Vice-Rector had been nominated a Privy Chamberlain to His Holiness the Pope. A spontaneous burst of cheering greeted the announcement and we toasted the new *porporatino* with a loud and lusty *Ad Multos Annos*.

In reply Mgr Clark related one of his experiences as an humble third curate and ended by assuring us that there really was an *adaequatio* (as First Year would say) between what we were drinking and the label on the bottle (which read Orvieto). There was a short period of smoking after tea, and later on in the Common Room we all exercised our lungs by singing several appropriate—not to say prophetic—College songs.



5th *Monday*. At lunch we bade farewell to Fr Philip Hughes, Cardinal Pole and Queen Mary; nor were we altogether surprised when our old friend Sir Winston Churchill reappeared to introduce us once again to the Prime Minister and Minister of Defence, in the fifth volume of *The Second World War*.

8th *Thursday*. To-day witnessed something which was very much in the nature of an experiment, when the Vita Nostra Movement at the University organized a very successful pilgrimage to the shrine of our Lady at Galloro (just outside Ariccia). About five hundred students in all took part and various groups were arranged to walk from Divino Amore, Frascati, Marino and other places. At mid-day Mass was celebrated at the shrine after which we broke up into food parties for lunch. Solemn Benediction, given by our own Mr Carson (one of the original founders of Vita Nostra), followed later in the afternoon. A very enjoyable day.

9th *Friday*. Those who have formed the praiseworthy habit of greeting the goldfish before breakfast have reported the following phenomena:

(1) That the pond has been cleansed of the silt which, if it did not date back to the time of the Martyrs, must certainly have entered into the nature-gazings of Cardinal Wiseman.

(2) That the said goldfish have a companion—an eel, which has remained hidden until now.

However, we doubt very much whether many people will notice any alterations in the marine world before Sunday next.

10th *Saturday*. *Auguri* to Messrs Swindlehurst and Bickerstaffe who go into retreat for the Subdiaconate this evening.

11th *Palm Sunday*. To lunch Dr Edmund Rubbra.

And now it is time for the Diarist to say *au revoir* to his manuscript as he goes into Retreat with the rest of the House under the direction of Fr Ignatius McElligott C.P.

14th *Wednesday*. And here we are again—or at least some of us, for the Second Year Theologians are still observing a more or less elected silence in preparation for their Minor Orders.

15th *Holy Thursday*. The placid waters of the tank were rudely disturbed this morning by ripples which mark the opening of the bathing season. So also was the dust linking the Seven Churches as the more sturdy members of the College trampled it under foot in the performance of their yearly devotional Marathon.

16th *Good Friday*. Cold and wet—in fact a very gloomy day altogether.

17th *Holy Saturday*. Rise at 7 o'clock—which I suppose is one point in favour of the midnight ceremony. In this connection it is worth noting that this is the third and last year of experimenting with the restored Paschal Vigil—nor are we altogether sorry, as the Eternal City has passed the whole of to-day in a state of complete liturgical chaos, with one church still covered in purple while the next one round the corner is ringing bells and singing alleluias.



*Prosit* to our new Subdeacons, Messrs Swindlehurst and Bickerstaffe, and to our new cleric Mr McGuire who were ordained by Archbishop Cunial, Vice-Gerent of Rome, this morning.

18th *Easter Sunday*. With a small number of pilgrims in the congregation the Vice-Rector blessed the Paschal Fire and sang Midnight Mass. In the Refectory afterwards we were given our first glimpse of the robes monsignorial.

If all roads leads to Rome, then in Rome itself—and especially on Easter Morning—all roads lead to St Peter's. The Holy Father, making his first official public appearance since his recent illness, seems to have made a complete recovery. His voice was loud and firm and he appeared to have recovered much of his former vitality. However, we only saw him for a matter of three minutes while he gave his blessing from the loggia, his Easter message having been broadcast from his private study beforehand.

19th *Monday*. Auguri to the *gitanti* who departed *magno cum impedimento* this morning.

21st *Wednesday*. Despite heavy rain all the morning two cameratas braved the elements to pay their respects to the Villa—and also to Alfredo's new dog who has been appropriately christened Febbo Nth.

24th *Saturday*. This afternoon a sporting *rappresentanza* went to the Foro Italicco to see France beat Italy by 39 points to 12 in the final of the European Rugby Cup. The playing of God Save the Queen at the end for the English Referee came as a pleasant surprise.

26th *Monday. Feast of St George (transferred)*. There were very few roses to be seen this year owing to the excessive cost. Still, Fr Rope made up for the lack of numbers by sporting both a red and a white one. I wonder if he is beginning to waver in his allegiance to the House of York . . .

After supper the *cambio* man stroked his nose as we watched Gregory Peck in *The Million Pound Note*.

28th *Wednesday* with Sir Winston back with us again after the Easter recess.

29th *Thursday*. Owing to the temporary disability of the retiring Senior Student, our annual Mass at the Catacombs was sung this morning by Mr Collier.

30th *Friday*. A somewhat depleted Common Room of late together with the fact that many and varied noises have been heard issuing forth from the Music Room (*sic dicta*) go to suggest that Theologians' Concert is in preparation.

MAY 1st *Friday*. The Diarist's dilemma. If he records the fact that it is Labour Day he will be accused of Communist tendencies. On the other hand, if he comments on the publication of the thesis sheet he is certain



to be branded as a pessimist. Fortunately, however, there are two events which he can record with impunity :

The broadcast of the Cup Final in the Ping-Pong Room was well attended—which leads one to speculate whether the day is far off when we shall be viewing the said match . . .

And last, but—being a Theologian, I hasten to add—by no means least, Theologians' Concert. Here is the programme to speak for itself.

### THEOLOGIANS' CONCERT, 1954

#### 1 PIANO SOLO

Dance of the Hours (*Ponchielli*) . Mr C. Murphy-O'Connor  
Sonata No. 9 (*Haydn*)

#### 2 THEOLOGIANS' OCTET

Two Negro Spirituals :  
Massa's in de cold ground (*arr. J. Bell*)  
Steal Away (*arr. P.J.M.*)

#### 3 SKETCH

##### PASSION, POISON AND PETRIFICATION OR

##### THE FATAL GAZOGENE

by G. B. Shaw

<i>Lady Magnesia Fitztollemache</i>	.	.	Mr Brewer
<i>Phyllis (her maid)</i>	.	.	Mr Kenny
<i>George Fitztollemache</i>	.	.	Mr Curtis Hayward
<i>Adolphus Bastable</i>	.	.	Mr Travers
<i>Landlord</i>	.	.	Mr Bourne
<i>Policeman</i>	.	.	Mr Duggan
<i>Doctor</i>	.	.	Mr Kearney

Scene: A bed-sitting room in a fashionable quarter of London

Producer : Mr Curtis Hayward

#### 4 THE NEW PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

Leader: Mr Collingwood

Strings: Messrs Broome, Doran, Lightbound

Woodwind: Messrs Smith and Brewer

Pianoforte : Mr C. Murphy-O'Connor

Percussion: Mr Taylor

Conductor : Mr Formby

March from *Carmen* (*Bizet, arr. Charles Woodhouse*)

March from *Scipio* (*Handel, arr. Charles Woodhouse*)



## 5 TOP YEAR SKETCH

A Middle Class Melodrama entitled

THE REWARD OF VICE

OR

KEEP DEATH OFF THE ROAD

<i>Don Peroni (a Knight)</i>	.	.	Mr Abbott
<i>Donna Lambrusca Soave (his Wife)</i>	.	.	Mr Collier
<i>Perla Bianca, amabile (their Daughter)</i>	.	.	Mr Cox
<i>Don Chianti (her Uncle)</i>	.	.	Mr McConnon
<i>Lord Hector Poggibonsi (a British Nobleman)</i>	.	.	Mr B. Murphy-O'Connor
<i>Ricardo Baccardi</i>	.	.	Mr Collier

Act I Scene 1	A castle in North Italy	Early
Scene 2	The battlements without	The morning after the night before
Act II	The path to Rome. Quo Vadis	Later
Act III	Ye Hostel of Ye Blue Sisters	Later still

## 6 TOP YEAR SONG

This evening's Concert was a great success. Most people failed to recognize Bernard Shaw's authorship in the sketch, which owed much of its success to stagemen and electricians. Then followed the first programme of the resurrected Orchestra. I am rather intrigued to know what the resulting cacophony would be like if it were to join noises with the Schola (*fuori la chiesa, si capisce*). Finally we sat back to enjoy the inspired nonsense of Top Year Sketch, a creation in blank verse well garnished with mimicry and topical songs.

2nd Sunday. *Auguri* to Third Year Theology who begin their Subdiaconate Retreat at SS. John and Paul's this evening.

4th Tuesday. *Feast of the English Martyrs*. The Rector sang the High Mass, but at lunch the Superiors' table had a certain Vice-Rectorial flavour about it.

5th Wednesday. *Solemnity of St Joseph*, and so another day free from the blood, toil, sweat and perhaps even tears of lectures.

9th Sunday. Archbishop Gawlina was kept busy at the Leonine College this morning when he conferred Orders on no less than twenty-three Venerabilini. *Prosit* to Messrs Swindlehurst and Bickerstaffe on receiving the Diaconate, and to Messrs J. Burke, Burtoft, Connelly, Doran, Foulkes, Rice, T. Smith, Travers and Vella on attaining Major Orders. To complete the list we must also offer our congratulations to Second Year Theology who received their Second Minors at the same ceremony.

In the Common Room after supper Abbott and Costello did their best to amuse us in *Africa Screams*.



10th *Monday*. Musicians, dilettanti and philistines united on the balcony this evening for the opening of the gramophone season. Others, evidently endowed with almost preternatural powers of abstraction, applied themselves to the duty of quietening their consciences by getting down to the odd thesis or two.

11th *Tuesday*. The lateness of summer this year has elicited an order from the Cardinal Vicar asking that the prayer *ad petendam serenitatem* be recited as an *oratio imperata* at Mass.

12th *Wednesday*. Welcome to Fr George Pitt C.F., who has come to spend a few days with us.

13th *Thursday*. To-day found students defending two very different sorts of wickets—and with varying degrees of success. By far the largest number was on the wicket at Palazzola defending it against the Beda. Grey hairs carried away the laurels.

As regards the play on the second wicket, eight students went as guides to Assisi for the day to show round two hundred soldiers and their dependants from the B.A.O.R. They seem to have acquitted themselves well enough, although one of the guides did have rather a rough passage from a pilgrim who, having remarked quite early on that he must often get some very awkward questions to answer, proceeded to pass the rest of the day in pursuit of the sport she had so rightly condemned. *Timeo Danaos . . .*

15th *Saturday*. A glorified disputation was held in the Aula Magna at the Gregorian this evening. The musical items helped to keep one sane during the proceedings although one felt that a little *qualche cosa* would have done the job even better.

16th *Sunday*. *Si quis gesserit soleas (vulgo : sandals) sive in Ecclesia sive in Refectorio : A.S.* Such is the tenor of a Vice-Rectorial edict promulgated this morning. Has anyone seen any good shoes lately ?

17th *Monday*. Fr Peter More paid us a visit to-day, the occasion of his birthday.

May we offer our warm congratulations to Bishop Grimshaw on his promotion to the See of Birmingham. His Grace is a past contributor to the pages of this magazine and so it is with added pleasure that we assure him of our continued prayers in his new duties and, until we have the opportunity of toasting him in person, we wish a very sincere *Ad Multos Annos*.

20th *Thursday*. The Rector said Community Mass at Santa Maria in Campitelli.

Later in the morning we played and lost 4—2 to the Scots at Gelsomino. For the exact reason why we should be playing them at this time of the year I refer the *lector benevolus (si quis restat)* to the Soccer Notes of the last number.



22nd *Saturday*. '... delicacies all' or in other words, a really memorable Top Year Tea.

24th *Monday*. 8.30 p.m. Well I'm still here despite the fact that (according to a widespread rumour) the end of the world should have taken place half an hour ago. Anyway, if it had done, nobody would have been more disappointed than the Diarist whose chef-d'œuvre, like many a flower, would thus have been born to blush unseen.

25th *Tuesday*. Welcome to His Lordship Bishop Rudderham and Fr Cotter, the first of our guests to arrive for the Canonization of Blessed Pius X next Saturday.

26th *Wednesday*. *Feast of St Philip Neri*. In accordance with tradition we provided the *assistenza* at the Chiesa Nuova for Pontifical High Mass sung by Cardinal Borgongini-Duca.

In the evening, Vespers (need I say they were *not* of the Ascension) sung by 92 year old Archbishop Carinci who, although Secretary of the Congregation of Rites, was nevertheless quite prepared to obey wrong instructions from an M.C. some 70 years his junior.

27th *Ascension Thursday*. We were very pleased to see at lunch today His Lordship Bishop Pearson who is rustivating among the *montes et colles* at Palazzola.

After tea Bishop Rudderham gave Pontifical Benediction.

28th *Friday*. The colour scheme in the Refectory certainly made 'purple riot' this evening. Once again we are honoured to welcome His Eminence Cardinal Griffin to the College and their Lordships Bishops Petit and Beck together with Mgr Worlock and Fr Kearney.

29th *Saturday*. *Dies Non*. After tea we made our way to St Peter's for the Solemn Canonization of Blessed Pius X. Owing to the immense crowd that was expected the Holy Father gave permission for the ceremony to be held on the steps outside the Basilica. The percentage of pilgrims in the crowd was quite high, and there were two large pilgrimages from Mantua and Venice where the new Saint had been successively Bishop and Patriarch. The weather was ideal. At 5.30 the procession began to wend its way from the Bronze Door through the crowd and up the steps towards the Papal Throne. First came the Regular followed by the Secular Clergy (conspicuous amongst whom was the Vice-Rector *in vestitu purpurato circumdatus varietate*). Then, clad in white copes and mitres, came the Bishops—over 460 of them, one of whom had received his episcopal consecration at the hands of Pius X. Last of all came the *sedia gestatoria* preceded by forty-two Cardinals. The Holy Father, although looking somewhat older, was obviously very happy.

After the actual act of Canonization the Pope delivered an inspiring eulogy on his glorious predecessor. At the end we knelt for the blessing, and with the Holy Father's characteristic '*et maneat semper*' still ringing in our ears we left, having been privileged to see '*il caro nome di Pio Decimo*' enrolled among the Saints.



30th *Sunday*. Adding even more colour to the Superiors' table today were His Lordship Bishop Cowderoy and Mgr Mostyn.

After Pontifical Benediction given by His Eminence Cardinal Griffin we went to watch the Solemn Procession carrying the body of Saint Pius X from St Peter's up the Corso and Via Nazionale to St Mary Major's. The sight was most impressive. The glass coffin lit from inside was borne aloft on a white hearse drawn by six white horses. The procession moved very slowly and gracefully and must have taken nearly three hours to complete the journey.

After supper we celebrated the double event of the Canonization and the visit of His Eminence by watching the technicolor film of the ascent of Mount Everest.

JUNE 1st *Tuesday*. From now on Meditation and Mass are in the Martyrs' Chapel where the atmosphere (and benches) are less conducive to sleep.

To supper three more guests: Dom Aloysius Bloor, who was privileged to teach the Rector at Douai, and two old friends of the College—Mr James Walsh and Wing-Commander Grant-Ferris.

2nd *Wednesday*. The fly-past of thunder-jets as I write reminds me (1) that to-day, besides being the Holy Father's *Festa Onomastica* is also the *Festa della Repubblica*.

(2) *Ante eventum* that their Lordships of Menevia, Brentwood and Clifton are leaving us by plane this afternoon. *Buon viaggio!*

4th *Friday*. After an early supper we attended the unveiling of a shrine to the Madonna del Divino Amore near the Cancelleria to commemorate the tenth anniversary of the liberation of Rome by the Allies. It was a typically Roman occasion, the highlights this evening being a lantern which caught fire, dropping smouldering pieces on the Cardinal below, and the untuned loudspeakers blaring out a very gaudy version of Schubert's *Ava Maria* punctuated by the inimitable '*Eviva Marias*' of the Roman populace.

6th *Pentecost Sunday*. Frs Fortescue and O'Connell have both been in considerable demand during the last few days. The reason for this sudden interest in things rubrical was that this morning the Rector sang High Mass in the presence of His Eminence Cardinal Griffin. Although I had a professional interest in the whole proceedings, I think I can say that most things were performed '*honeste et secundum ordinem*', and for this a special word of thanks is due to Mgr Worlock. *Prosit* also to the Sacristans who erected a very fine throne in the place of one of the side altars. Afterwards smiles all round in the Cortile for a College photo.

At our Pentecostal *pranzone* we welcomed Sir D'Arcy Osborne and Frs Bede McEachen, Kennedy and Smith. Later in the Common Room we toasted His Eminence over coffee and liquori.

And to round off a perfect day we were shown the film *Genevieve*—all about old cars. The Vice seemed to have anticipated his sunburn by a day.

7th *Whit Monday*. Day gita with Fregene as the destination of most of the parties. When we arrived back we discovered that the number of



Shrewsbury priests on the Superiors' table had risen to six owing to the arrival of Canons Bell and Donnelly and Fr Campbell.

9th *Wednesday*. It was very fortunate that Cardinal Griffin should still be with us and so be able to extend an official welcome to His Grace Archbishop O'Hara on his recent appointment as Apostolic Delegate to Great Britain. His Eminence proposed the toast to which the Archbishop replied. The central table was again stretched to its full length to accommodate the guests: Their Lordships Bishops Van Lierde and Black, Mr Paul McGuire, the Australian Minister to the Holy See, Mgr Duchemin and McGeough, Mr Etherington-Smith, Major Utley and Fr Gogerty.

10th *Thursday*. Yesterday there were six guests in the College but this morning we had to bid farewell to His Eminence Cardinal Griffin and Mgr Worlock, Canons Bell and Donnelly and Fr Campbell. And then there was one. But on

11th *Friday* even he had to leave and so *arrivederci* to Fr John Lyons. To-day also marks one of those occasions which only occur seven times during one's course. *Ciao* to lectures, hard seats and fuggy aulas and everything else that is summed up in those two words 'The Greg'.

After tea we attended an 'At Home' at the British Minister's to mark the official birthday of Her Majesty the Queen.

15th *Tuesday*. I am sure there are plans afoot for the annexation of the English College to that Diocese in the North West Midlands. At lunch those two Very Rev. Canons and two Rev. Fathers entered and afterwards left with the Right Rev. Rector (who, I can tell you, will be away till Saturday).

16th *Wednesday*. I am green with envy. There is a young Ph.L. in the room opposite preparing to go home—quite an appropriate background for one who is trying to study a thesis on Final Perseverance.

17th *Corpus Christi*. High Mass and Solemn Procession of the Blessed Sacrament at the Little Sisters.

18th *Friday*. The first of the O.N.D. departed this evening to be followed on

19th *Saturday* by the Vice-Rector who slipped away quietly after Community Mass. Destination?—U.S.A. Purpose?—Three weeks supply and four weeks holiday. (Is there *still* anyone left who thinks that he is going on a lecture tour?)

*Ad Multos Annos* to Mr Collier, the first of Top Year to leave us.

21st *Monday*. Good-bye to Messrs Turnbull and Brian Murphy-O'Connor who left by taxi, and *arrivederci* to Fr Rope who left by other means. However, like the others, he will end up at the Stazione Termini.

23rd *Wednesday*. *Auguri* to Mr Cox who departed to-day.

The Rector had some good news for us at supper when he announced that Fr Michael Buckley would be arriving in September to assume the



post of Ripetitore. And so the Tower steps will soon be resounding again with the pit-a-pat of the young philosophers as they skip lightheartedly up to their Mentor for their weekly morsel of Scholastic *pabulum*.

26th *Saturday*. This terribly hot weather is hardly conducive to study. Little wonder then that one philosopher, on being given a particularly ugly thesis in the exam, calmly told the Professor: '*Habeo velum ante oculos*'.

29th *Tuesday*. Feast of SS. Peter and Paul. A big send-off for Mr Carson who will descend on England with his pockets bret-ful of licentiates 'come from Rome al hoot'.

The handful who (for better or worse) have finished their exams report that St Peter's Square was quite crowded this morning when the Holy Father appeared at the window of his study at mid-day.

30th *Wednesday*. A procession lasting nearly two hours at San Lorenzo. Our thirsts were quenched by a small *rin fresco* in the Common Room afterwards.

JULY 1st *Thursday*. Mr McConnon left this morning.

The professors at the Gregorian—at least, so the rumour has it—have been complaining about the strain of the exams with the result that several *poverini* are to be seen packing their text-books for the Villa. Oh, where *did* I put that Denzinger-Bannwart-Umberg . . . ?

And now the *magnum opus* is complete. May the events recorded therein serve to remind you of your days at the Venerabile—of that play *you* were in, of that day *gita you* were on, or even (dare I say it ?) of that exam *you* had at the Gregorian. This, then, is my hope : that

'My words echo  
Thus in your mind.'

ANTHONY HARDING.



## PERSONAL

We offer our sincere congratulations to HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP GRIMSHAW, whose portrait appears opposite, on his appointment to the See of Birmingham, and also to HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP KING on the personal honour he received from the Pope for his Golden Jubilee.

Our guests in Rome this year included HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL GRIFFIN and THEIR LORDSHIPS BISHOPS RUDDERHAM and PEARSON who were here for the Canonization of St Pius X. At the same time we were glad to welcome Their Lordships Bishops Petit, Beck, and Cowderoy.

The following former students have visited the College either in Rome or at the Villa since we last went to print : RT REV. MGR A. ATKINS (1921-28), RT REV. MGR V. ELWES (1922-25), VERY REV. CANON J. DONNELLY (1916-23), REV. J. MEAGHER (1901-08), REV. R. MEAGHER (1916-22), REV. R. DELANY (1921-28), REV. W. BUTTERFIELD (1923-30), REV. G. DWYER (1926-34), REV. R. REDMOND (1926-34), REV. J. LYONS (1928-35), REV. A. JONES (1930-35), REV. A. BOERS (1933-35), REV. G. PITT (1933-40), REV. J. MOLLOY (1933-44), REV. P. STOREY (1934-41), REV. H. REYNOLDS (1935-42), REV. A. COTTER (1936-43), REV. M. O'LEARY (1937-44), REV. M. ENGLISH (1943-50), REV. P. WALMSLEY (1944-51), REV. P. MORE (1946-53), REV. F. McMANUS (1946-53). We also had a visit this Villa from Captain Tom Morris.

One of our last year's post-graduate students, REV. L. CARSON (1946-54), has left us and has been appointed to St Philomena's, Middlesbrough. The retiring Top Year have been appointed as follows :

REV. V. TURNBULL is reading Classics at St Edmund's House, Cambridge.

REV. D. COLLIER to St Francis, Handsworth, Birmingham.

REV. B. MURPHY-O'CONNOR to St Thomas of Canterbury, Newport, Isle of Wight.

REV. R. COX to Our Lady of the Assumption and St Gregory, Warwick Street, London, W.1.

REV. R. ABBOTT to St Bede's, Waverham.

REV. M. McCONNON to The Sacred Heart, Preston New Road, Blackburn.

We are pleased to record the Silver Jubilees of REV. A. IBBETT, (1923-30), REV. J. GARVIN (1923-30), and REV. B. WRIGHTON (1924-30) which have occurred since the appearance of our last number.

We thank all who have made donations to the Public Purse or given Books to the Libraries in Rome or at Palazzola.







## COLLEGE NOTES

### THE VENERABLE

The members of the present Staff are :

Editor : Mr Curtis Hayward

Sub-Editor : Mr Moakler

Sixth Member : Mr Steele

Secretary : Mr Brennan

Under-Secretary : Mr Davis

Fifth Member : Mr McNamara

### SOCIETY NOTES

When reflecting on the talks given by the Literary Society this year, the mind seems forced to make a mental journey in more than one sense, for they were geographically as well as topically poles apart. The first two were concerned with America : Mr Gerald Sherry and then Abbot Williams commented on Catholic life in that country, the former with reference to work in the Y.C.W., and the latter on educational and teaching problems. For many of us the Order of the Knights of Malta has a somewhat esoteric flavour, a fact which almost certainly arises from a lack of knowledge on the subject ; Wing-Commander Grant-Ferris, after outlining the history of the Order, explained its position in the world to-day and its hopes for the future. From America and Malta, the next talk brought us to Greece when Fr Gill S.J. gave an instructive and amusing account of his adventures while a student at the University of Athens.

Our two other evenings were nearer to purely spiritual matters. Fr Savage, after relating some delightful anecdotes of his life as an army chaplain, showed very clearly how much a chaplain can influence men and affairs which to some might seem to lie outside his province. Though we read so much of the persecution which is taking place in the world to-day, it is not often that this fact is brought vividly home to us. It was, however, made abundantly clear to the College when the Society welcomed for its last talk Bishop O'Gara, who told us of his experiences in Red China as a prisoner of the Communists. So engrossed were his audience with his story that few realized just how long the talk had lasted. His Lordship's simple and pleasing manner coupled with his enthusiasm and understanding



made this the most enthralling address we had heard for many a long day and one not likely to be forgotten. The President for the forthcoming year is Mr Foulkes.

The first of five most interesting and profitable papers for the Wiseman Society was an account of Fr Persons' rectorship at the College. From a wealth of contemporary evidence Mr Kenny created a vivid picture of College life in that period and unravelled some of the mystery which surrounds one of the most fascinating characters in our history. The second paper, given by Mr Murtagh, was a study of Chaucer viewed from a European rather than an English standpoint. At Advent Mr McHugh gave us a comment on the season's liturgy revolving round the theme of the two comings of our Lord. Mr Harding made his debut as a Wiseman member this year with a study of C. S. Lewis as a theologian. A contention that the subject was being treated too seriously stimulated discussion afterwards. The last project of the year was a symposium on a Thomist aesthetic. Messrs Collingwood and Sutcliffe criticized from different viewpoints the aesthetic propounded by Mr Curtis Hayward. Though the subject was necessarily rather deep, the experiment evinced keen interest. Mr Sutcliffe has taken over the post of Secretary.

This year the Catholic Social Guild justified its rather precarious existence with three highly profitable discussion groups. The Fundamentals Circle for First Year was a great success, some very promising papers being given by members. The second group concerned themselves with the vital question of Catholic education, while the third argued the question of 'Property and Personality'. Three talks were also given by members during the year, which can be said to have been quite a full one. If next year's programme is as satisfactory as this one has been, there should be no reason for discouragement. Mr Rand is the new Secretary.

The introduction of two new 'languages', deaf and dumb and Middle English, gave an added zest to this year's meetings of the Mezzofanti Society. Neither language perhaps qualifies strictly for use in the Society, but innovations, however fleeting, are always welcome. Two meetings were held, one on the motion '*che questo sarebbe un mondo piu felice se l'uomo fosse creato muto*' and the other a balloon debate, both of which were well patronized. It is becoming increasingly apparent, however, that French is superceding Italian as the 'lingua franca' of the Society. The constitutions lay down that members should speak '*in linguis maxime sibi necessariis*', so it is to be hoped that future years will see Italian again resume its rightful supremacy in the linguistic repertoire of the members. The new Secretary is Mr Philpot.

The Grant Debating Society has suffered this year from what can only be described as a lack of punch. Though it is inevitable perhaps that the second evening of a debate should attract fewer numbers than the first, there should be no unavoidable reason for attendance dropping from debate to debate. Was there a noticeable dearth of able speakers? I don't think so; the vigour of Common Room conversation would soon dispel any such illusion. The trouble lay partly perhaps in that the subjects chosen did not always strike the public fancy. This defect, however, must



arise ultimately from the members themselves who are being constantly pressed to suggest suitable titles. By far the most successful meeting was that given over to impromptu debates. Deserving of praise are those who tackled tricky subjects in the way they were meant to be tackled. To those who, abusing native talent and wit, carefully dissected each and every word contained in the motion, we offer no praise : this was linguistic analysis carried to a most distressing extreme. Mr Short is next year's President.

CORMAC MURPHY-O'CONNOR

## SPORTS

Anyone walking round the Sforza at the beginning of the Villa would have thought that some sort of manœuvres were afoot. Smoke screens would blacken the sky without any warning, and one would come across figures standing up to their waists in pot-holes, apparently digging themselves in. All this activity was in an effort to tear up by the roots some of the obstacles on the golf-course, which are cut down each Villa only to spring up again while we are away. But the biggest change in the golf-course is in the position of the holes. Only one hole remains as it was, the 7th ; the old 9th has now become the 6th and vice-versa. There have been radical changes in the 4th and 8th. The record for the old course will probably never be bettered on this new and longer one ; so far the lowest score has been 37, but there is room for improvement here even this Villa, as at the time of writing the Villa is by no means at an end. A singles competition has already been finished, and now a doubles is being played : it is without handicaps, and the results are proving how aptly the partners have been paired. It seems generally agreed that the changes in the course make for a more enjoyable game of golf. 'Lest we forget . . .' the Rector's contribution to the improvements has been the repairing of the golf house, which was in a dilapidated condition.

Badminton has had a good run this year. It is a game which, due to lack of skill in the house, usually wanes in popularity after a few weeks. But this Villa the court has been well used, and at the moment a handicap competition is in course of being played. Handball is as popular as ever among those who are willing to sacrifice the energy it demands. The wall we play against is crumbling badly—handfuls of *pozzolana* are dislodged every time a game is played. As a result, there is no knowing what path the most innocent of 'serves' may take.

Our first cricket match of the year was played against the Beda—and we lost. We batted first and scored 55 all out. The Beda scored 58 for 9, their leading scorer making 40 not out. The game was played in May at Palazzola (it seems as if this is now going to be the regular thing, instead of playing on the rugger ground at Acqua Acetosa). The rest of the season was successful : we won the two games against the British Embassy and the game against Propaganda. In the first game against the Embassy we were all out by tea-time for 99, which seemed to promise well for our



opponents. Their innings began well, but after standing at 65 for 4, it tailed off disastrously to end at 76 all out: these end wickets fell to one bowler, who in all took 7 wickets in 9 overs. The Ambassador, Sir Ashley Clarke, was present as a spectator; nor was the former Ambassador forgotten: the Embassy team had a telegram made out to send to him if they had won. We have had some enjoyable games of cricket among ourselves. The House, which has suffered grievously at the hands of the orchestra, was only too glad to accept the challenge of a game. The orchestra were jubilant in their victory of 34 runs, but the House was satisfied—bodily injury, no mere orthodox victory had been their aim. Top Year recklessly challenged the House, and with members of the College team on both sides batting and bowling left-handed, after an exciting game they lost by one run. This result more than flatters the cricket ability of their year.

Bishop Sheen, if he saw a file of men carrying shovels on their shoulders, would take it that they were looking for something, but it would be pardonable in any experienced Venerabilino if he took it that there was an unfinished tennis court somewhere. Work is still in progress on the tennis court, but it is encouraging to see that things are now beginning to take shape: until a year ago, even after months of work, there were very little results to be seen for it all. Now, fair hopes are being held out that another Villa's work will see the court completed.

Since the new library was made there has been no table tennis at the Villa. This year, two rooms below the Common Room, on the level of the Albano path, have been knocked into one to make a table-tennis room.

BRYAN CROSSLING.



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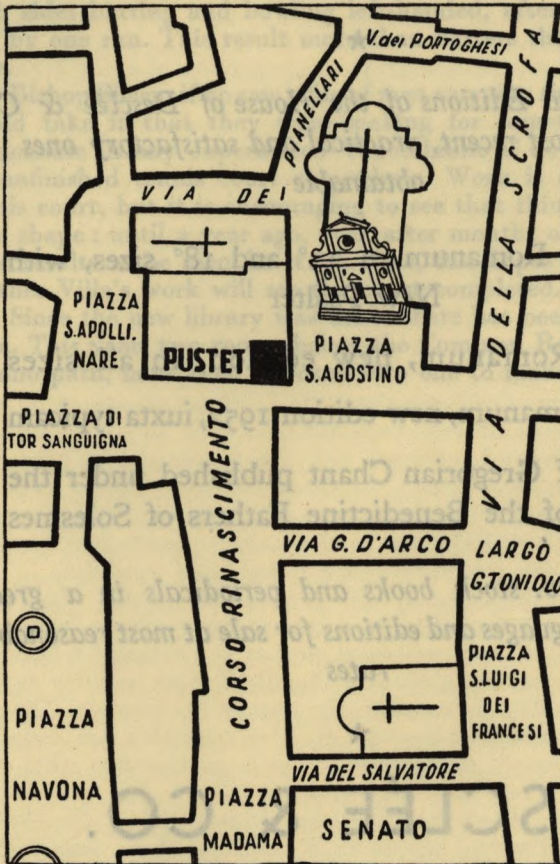
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